

THE MONTH

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Order reigns in — Berlin

THE sanguinary suppression of an internal revolt against the Hitler regime in Germany at the beginning of July filled the civilized world with surprise and horror, and threw a fresh and lurid light on the methods and mentality of the Absolute State. Nazi-ism rose to power as diametrically opposed to Bolshevism, yet, at the very moment that the Soviets have renounced the process of secret assassination as a means of preserving power, the Nazi Government has been driven to adopting it. We cannot doubt that the danger of a political upset was a real one. The boasted national unity of Nazi-ism proves to have been a sham, and behind the scenes a fierce party battle has long been going on. The summary execution of nearly a hundred leading men—a veritable blood-bath, which, contrary to its intention, betokens rather panic than resolution—indicates clearly the failure of National-Socialism to rally the nation as a whole behind it, since it has not been able to maintain harmony even amongst its own followers. And indeed the endeavour, by force and fraud, by systematic lying and suppression of the truth, by penalizing criticism and compelling external demonstrations of obedience, to impose a uniform political ideology upon sixty-four millions of people, some twenty millions of whom are free citizens of the Catholic Church, was doomed to failure from the first. With nothing higher than a false and foolish racial idealism to serve as a bond of union, no effective internal curb could be placed on those individualistic instincts—the desire for personal pleasure or profit or power—which tend to drive men apart, and when we consider the indifference, if not hostility, displayed by official Nazi-ism towards that Christian faith and morality which alone can really unite mankind, we need not wonder that, thus early in its career, the German “one-party” system should show signs of crumbling. The “United Front” has no real unity behind it.

Von Papen's Plea for Political Liberty

IT was the Vice-Chancellor, Herr von Papen—the one man, perhaps, in the Reich who could defy the brutal methods of controlling criticism wielded by Herr Goebbels—who, in a speech at Marburg (June 17th), first publicly betrayed the resentment felt by all decent Germans at the brag and bluster and bullying of those Nazi extremists who have degraded German citizens to the political level of children, and done such damage to German prestige. The Vice-Chancellor pleaded, in effect, for a return to the normal practice of civilized Governments, now that by the elimination of the anti-civic element of Marxism, the aim of the German revolution had been substantially secured. Germany must remain Christian; the Press must be set free, since the Government was strong enough to stand "decent criticism"; popular support should not be forced, for "a people deprived of its rights cannot really give its allegiance." It was a sane and moderate speech, and probably had the President's previous approval, yet the Government, protesting, through the mouth of the Minister of Propaganda (June 21st), that never was the nation and its leaders so determined and unanimous, would not allow it to be published in Germany, and the Government organ became full of threats against "the Enemy on the Right." In effect, both Right and Left were victims of the massacres of June 30th, amongst the former two prominent Catholics, Dr. Klausener, head of Catholic Action in Berlin, and Herr Probst, leader of the German Catholic Youth Movement, both men of exemplary lives, whose murder was plainly meant as a warning to all who uphold the rights of conscience; and amongst the latter, several men of evil reputation whose deaths, apart from their tragic circumstances, have caused the world little grief. The choice of suicide, offered to several of the victims thus arbitrarily condemned, showed the essential paganism of the Nazi outlook.

Attempted Coercion of Catholicism

IT cannot be denied that, in spite of the Concordat, steady pressure, amounting to persecution, is being brought upon the Catholic Church in Germany, so as to bring her attitude and teaching, if possible, into accord with the unsound political creed and ideals of Nazi-ism. Her natural spokesmen, the bishops, headed by Cardinal Faulhaber, are showing both

prudence and courage in repelling this assault; nevertheless, she is being gradually deprived of her rights to instruct her flock and to train her youth. Like other non-Government institutions, she is denied the means of free utterance, whilst every means of propaganda—the wireless, the cinema, the Press—are utilized to spread ideas subversive of her morality. Moreover, adherents are being handicapped in various ways in the pursuit of their just aims. It is clearly the intention of the authorities to make the sincere profession of Catholicism a distinct disadvantage in civil and political life. We do not know whether the negotiations about the Concordat, designed to recognize at least the most fundamental rights of the Church, have had a satisfactory issue, but we do know that the pastoral letter on the rights of conscience, issued by the hierarchy from Fulda on June 3rd, has been forbidden publication, and that the necessary condemnation of the pagan ethics which characterized the Roehm-plot suppression could be uttered only in the most guarded way. Although Catholics are relatively so numerous in the Reich, they are very unevenly distributed,¹ and the smaller isolated communities, like their fellow-believers in the Orange districts of Ulster, have always to fight for their rights against hostile surroundings. All the more necessary is the advice and encouragement of their pastors of which, through arbitrary interdiction of their Press, they are now being deprived. That some fanatics in high places are actually trying to create a German National Religion is shown by the abundant quotations collected in a pamphlet published by "The Friends of Europe."² All that is really Christian in Lutheranism is joining with the Catholic Church in resisting this wicked stupidity, which finds blasphemous expression in the attempt to invest with quasi-divine functions, the somewhat equivocal personality of Herr Hitler.³ As Bishop Bares, the fearless diocesan of Berlin, says—"Christ is our only Führer."

A World at War

THE international aspects of the year 1934 resemble so closely those of 1914 that an observer might be justified in expecting a similar issue, but for one consideration, viz.,

¹ See "Amid the German Diaspora," *THE MONTH*, April, 1926.

² 122 St. Stephen's House, London, S.W.

³ See General Goering's speech at Halle (July 20th).

that, enlightened by experience, there are many in every nation who recognize the real character and tendency of those symptoms, which were hidden in 1914, and are determined to counteract them. On the number of those sane observers, the strength of their convictions and the energy with which they strive to make them prevail, depends our rescue from a repetition of the catastrophe of universal war. If one had said in November, 1918, that, while still heavily stricken with the results of the recent War, unable to pay the debts incurred by it, with the whole economic condition of the world in chaos, remediable only by combined and organized effort, the civilized nations, sixteen years later, would be arming and intriguing and planning in preparation for another conflict, such a prophet would have been scouted as a cynical liar. Yet to-day almost all the Governments which count are practically at war, fighting at present in the economic and diplomatic fields, with tariffs and embargoes, with alliances and counter-alliances, with racial appeals and Press abuse, whilst getting ready for the actual struggle by the piling up of armaments—the only industry that is working at full pressure being that which manufactures weapons of destruction. The Disarmament Conference has been suspended, and meanwhile, with incredible irresponsibility, prominent British politicians¹ have actually proclaimed its failure, forgetting that the mere assertion, in the circumstances, tends to create its fulfilment. Here and elsewhere, all pretence of further economy, whether on sea or in the air, has been thrown aside by projects recently made public—the construction of a new fleet of capital ships and of thirty new cruisers, and the addition of forty-one squadrons to the Air Force. The plea, in both cases, is that British defence, in expectation of a general diminution of armaments, has been allowed to sink below the margin of safety, but the result is that competition in armaments amongst the Great Powers has definitely begun again. *For there is no fixed margin of safety.* Whilst this country is bringing its Air Force to the level reached at the moment by France, there is no guarantee that France, stimulated by fear of Germany, will not, in the meantime, double its air-strength. And if thirty new cruisers are now needed, because Japan demands equality with the present strength of

¹ Sir B. Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, at Spetchley Park, June 23rd—"this dream of disarmament": Lord Londonderry, Secretary for Air, in the Lords, June 27th—"we can no longer hope for an international convention." And others might be quoted.

America and Britain, how many more will be called for if Japan increases its force in proportion? There is just this reasonable basis for some increase in this country's relative strength, that it must bring a substantial contribution to that combined action against aggression to which it is already bound by the League Covenant and the Locarno Pact, and that, in the present state of international morality, its weight in the world's councils is literally dependent upon its armed strength. An unarmed Britain, such as some mistaken "pacifists" recommend, would be unable either to promote peace or prevent war. But what blind spirit of megalomania has inspired the War Department of the United States—the one country in the world which is immune from the possibility of attack by air—to recommend at this juncture an increase of 60 per cent in its already enormous air-force? The stipulation that this vast addition "should be purchased from private manufacturers" affords, we fear, another striking indication of the way in which private interests are allowed to dominate national policy.

The Increase of Pacts

HAPPILY, parallel with the precarious pursuit of security through armed strength, there is going on in Europe another better-advised movement which looks for the safe-guarding of peace to mutual non-aggression pacts. This is all in the direction of common sense, and in the spirit of the League of Nations, provided that the agreements are not exclusive nor directed specifically against other groups. The League is only the final expression of the system of alliances, and it avoids the evils of the old Balance of Power precisely by being universal. If greater safety is to be found in friendly combination with others, then surely it should be absolute when all are united in the defence of each. The only hope of future peace lies in collective action against whoever would disturb it. Locarno, whereby Great Britain and Italy guaranteed the territorial *status quo* in the West against aggression from either side, is in process of being supplemented by a similar Pact regarding Eastern Europe. Here the difficulties are greater, for the dispositions of the Versailles Treaty are, in many cases, unjust, yet the States that have profited by them are averse to revision, and France, to secure their friend-

ship, has promised her support. The question which Eastern Europe has to settle is whether it is worth while, for the sake of a measure of territorial aggrandizement, to perpetuate an unjust arrangement which, as long as it lasts, will prevent the establishment of peace. The proposed "Eastern Locarno" aims at including Russia, Poland, the Baltic States, Czechoslovakia and Germany in a pact of mutual assistance. The Disarmament Conference, before adjourning on June 11th, appointed four Committees to carry on its work by investigation and suggestion, and one of these, that concerned with security, has already laid down the lines for such regional agreements as a means of gradually building up collective security. It is this pre-occupation with mutual guarantees and mutual assistance—there are other Pacts toward, in the Baltic and the Mediterranean—which differentiates the post-war world, in spite of its blindness in other regards, from that which so recklessly drifted into war in 1914.

The Chaco Arms Embargo

ANOTHER hopeful sign is the growing resentment against private profit by munition-making. The horrible picture painted by the League Commission of the great civilized Powers allowing their nationals to vie with each other to provide a couple of semi-barbarous South American States with the means of mutual extermination has really shocked a world not much given to serious thought. War, when morally permissible, is an instrument of justice, to be wielded only by the supreme authority. Those whom the State appoints to carry on its business are public officials, and are paid from the State treasury. It would be intolerable if the administration and vindication of the law were a matter of private competition : it is equally indecent that the means of executing the State's most fundamental duty, that of self-defence, should be farmed out amongst private individuals, whose main pre-occupation is personal profit rather than the assertion of right. Yet so habituated are we to the practice that it is with the utmost difficulty that the embargo on the export of munitions for the sinful Chaco war was agreed to, and only to-day (July 24th) is it announced that Italy has consented to join the other Powers in this act of elementary decency. The Chaco war, whatever it was in its origin, has long since be-

come a crime against civilization. Both belligerents have flouted the League pledges by which they were bound, have rejected many attempts at mediation, have gone back on their engagements time and again. Yet slowly, and with reluctance, do the heirs of Christian civilization agree to stop the scandal.

Disruptive Nationalism

If the security and peace of the world are bound up with a sense of human brotherhood expressed in various forms of co-operation for the common good, it is plain that over-developed nationalism, economic as well as political, is the chief obstacle to that desirable consummation. Yet the nation is part of God's design, and nationalism—the love of the nation and pursuit of its interests—is, up to a point, incumbent on all its members. A nation, moreover, which is, in the main, self-supporting, can, by a wise use of its independence, play a more worthy part amongst its fellows, and, in a world which still tolerates war, is safer from the consequences of their ill-will. But it is even more easy for a nation than it is for an individual, to be selfish, unjust and uncharitable in regard to others, and to ignore, dislike, despise or defraud them, especially when it recognizes no permanent bond, such as a common faith and morality, to transcend racial divisions. Hence the Christians of every nation are bound to keep nationalism within its due limits—those suggested by the universal good—to oppose policies of selfish isolation and to pursue economic aims with proper regard to the rights of others. But charity begins at home, and, *ceteris paribus*, it is better to be able to feed and clothe ourselves than to have to pay others to do so. The limits which the Christian law sets to the exercise of both political and economic nationalism have been clearly laid down by Cardinal Pacelli in a letter which he sent, in the name of the Holy Father, to M. Duthoit, President of the French "Semaines Sociales," as long ago as December, 1932. It is worth recalling at a time when some Catholics are in danger of being led astray by the pseudo-nationalism of Fascism or Communism. The Cardinal writes :

Every nation is obliged to practise justice and charity in its relations with others. And, above all, the States

together must promote and serve the common international well-being, just as the citizens and government of any one of them are bound to promote and serve the common well-being in a closer and less-extended sphere. By the same principle all peoples must recognize their interdependence and employ means of collaboration suited to the diverse forms of their own solidarity. If, then, a State has the general obligation to reform its national economy, it must not do so by systematically falling back upon itself behind economic frontiers more and more insurmountable.

We must not, in other words, try to prosper by trying to impoverish others, as has been the practice for so long. The individualism in private business taught by the discredited "Manchester School," is equally out of place in international intercourse. The sane internationalism of "Quadragesimo Anno," which recognizes the radical changes wrought by the War, is the only way to world-prosperity.

Japan's Monroe Doctrine

JAPAN, having "got away," so far, with its attempt to dominate the vast incohesive republic of China, has gone on to proclaim a Monroe Doctrine for the Pacific, which, as presented, seems to have the same justification as Mr. Monroe had when he spoke for the Eastern Hemisphere. It was, and is, of paramount interest to the States that the quarrels of Europe should not be transferred to the New World—which, to be sure, has been active enough in producing quarrels of its own. Similarly, Japan claims, as the chief Power in the East, to regulate the interference of Europe with the "continent" of China, lest its interests should suffer. It is a claim, however, which somewhat transcends Mr. Monroe's, for Japan wants to be the sole judge of what is good for China, and objects to any action, such as furnishing China with armaments, which would disturb the peace of the Orient. There is a cynical ring in these remarks, considering how freely Japan itself imports arms from all and sundry, but probably the declaration was made as a sort of *ballon d'essai* to see how much the Nine Powers would stand. Having broken with the League of Nations, Japan indulges in fur-

ther cynicism by asserting, through its ambassador at Washington, that "the Government could not obtain popular support for a policy of co-operation with other nations. Consequently, Japan must act and decide alone what is good for China." All this shows that the ways of the West are readily assimilated, and even bettered, by the East. On the other hand, inasmuch as Japan professes thus to be trying to free China from the tentacles of international finance with which all undeveloped nations are apt to be shackled, there seems to be some measure of justification for its attitude.

England and the Slave-Trade

IN reading, in the current issue, the moderate and restrained indictment of the godless commercialism, supported and practised by so-called Christians in this country a short century ago, we must congratulate ourselves on a certain ethical development even amongst the votaries of Mammon. But neither negro-slavery nor industrial slavery are as yet wholly extinct, and, were legal restrictions removed, or public opinion less vigilant, these outrages on human nature would speedily revive. For there is nothing to which human cupidity will not stoop in order to make money, and no instinct has been more successful in blinding conscience to the issues of right and wrong than the "accursed hunger for gold." It took nearly fifty years of agitation to rouse public opinion in England against the vested interests that trafficked in human flesh: in America, as we know, the reform cost a civil war. The British Navy has still fourteen ships employed in suppressing the slave-trade off the East coast of Africa: in 1846, fifty-six vessels had to be detailed for that humanitarian service. And there is still grave need for the work of such a body as the "Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society" to call attention to the continued existence of slavery in one form or another, even within the Commonwealth, and to voice the complaints of the oppressed. It is only fitting that this country, once so deeply involved in the slave-trade, should now be foremost in the work of emancipation. Through the action of Great Britain in the League of Nations nearly fifty governments have agreed to co-operate in the final abolition of slavery of whatever kind. Let us hope that it will continue to oppose the political slavery that threatens us, and to lessen the economic slavery into which many of us are born.

Protestant Bigotry

THE emancipated Catholic, restored these hundred years to full citizenship and not consciously inferior to his non-Catholic neighbour in the civic virtues, is occasionally made aware that others do not regard him quite so favourably. His existence is only tolerated, his increase openly deplored, his activities resented. This he expects—and discounts—from those groups of the “Protestant underworld” which would lose their own *raison d'être* if he ceased to exist, and from the Orangeman in Ireland who has little religion except “No Popery,” but when a respectable body like the Scottish Churches’ Council displays, seemingly without realizing it, similar unlovely fruits of bigotry, he has a right to be astonished. In the course of a report issued on May 15th that organization remarks: “The continued increase in the Roman Catholic community caused the Council concern.” Why should it, unless the growth of that community threatened in some way the civil or religious welfare of Scotland? The Council evidently takes the implication for granted, since it offers no proof: nor, indeed, would its readers expect any. John Knox’s followers run true to form. Of more legitimate concern to the Council is the ominous fact, frankly confessed, that “the number of children born in non-Roman homes is gravely diminishing.” It would be better employed in preaching Christian morality to “non-Romans” than in ventilating racial and religious prejudice.

The Success of the Legion of Decency

THE first impudent answer of the rulers of Hollywood to the remonstrances addressed to them by the American hierarchy against the production of immoral films was to this effect—“You needn’t witness them unless you want to.” On this hint the bishops acted, with the result that already some five million American Catholics, with a huge contingent of other Christians and Jews, have pledged themselves to boycott indecent picture-shows. Touched thus in its tenderest spot, Hollywood has capitulated, long before the full forces against it have been mobilized, and has promised to observe for the future the “Code to Maintain Social and Community Values in the Production of Silent, Synchronized and Talking Motion-Pictures,” which was adopted and promulgated

in the United States on March 1, 1930, was accorded the approval of Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein, and was promptly pigeon-holed and totally ignored. Now there is some chance of that wonderful source of amusement and instruction, which over 300 million of the world's population attend every week, being substantially purified, and of the Governor of a State Prison, who complained of the difficulty of finding a "movie" proper enough to show to his convicts, being freed from that anxiety. But, only if the Legion of Decency be developed to the full and made permanently active : the pressure of Christian public opinion in favour of a clean cinema must be strong and relentless. Hollywood has been brought to its knees, but it will not readily remain in that unwonted attitude. The "impuritans" of the land—and remember there are seventy million people in the States, not necessarily godless, but free from any religious affiliation—will clamour incessantly for their accustomed garbage, and there are many countries still without any equivalent to the Legion of Decency. Catholics themselves may falter and fail in their duty to avoid direct occasions of sin. The bishops, happily, are well aware of all this and their Committee, which met in June at Cincinnati and received the representatives of Hollywood (responsible for 90 per cent of the films produced in the United States), are determined to maintain and extend their organization until there is "adequate self-regulation . . . followed by an adequate moral improvement in the pictures shown."

The Church in the States

AN Anglican visiting the United States this year sends home to the *Church Times* an alarming account of the conditions of the Catholic Church there, whilst claiming to "write carefully with a full sense of responsibility." After stating that "for some reason American culture is not favourable to Roman Catholicism," he adduces two pieces of evidence. "It is estimated [by whom?] for example, that from two-thirds to three-quarters of Italian emigrants [*sic*] shed their religion when they come to Ellis Island. And if that statement is challenged [as it may well be] this can take its place : there are more non-Roman congregations of Italian Christians in this country than there are Roman congregations." Here we might expect from our careful writer some statistics—so

many non-Roman Catholic congregations and so many Roman Catholic. But no, all we get is more hearsay—"I am informed, on very good authority indeed, that very many priests of our Church have converts from Rome in almost every confirmation class that they form"—and a deluding display of mathematical exactness—"Seventy-five per cent of the bishops could tell of one or two Roman Catholic priests every year applying to them to be received into the ministry of our Church." Again, a few bare figures would be such a help, but all we get is—"My authority for these statements is unexceptionable," and, lest exception should be taken to them, it is prudently withheld—"I cannot state publicly what it is." So everything rests upon the writer's capacity for sifting information and zeal for the truth, of which we know nothing. Happily, his remarks regarding immigrants have caught the eye of a well-informed Canadian writer who quotes, in the *Tablet* for May 12th, from the Report on "Protestant Home Missions to Catholic Immigrants," issued by the New York Institute of Social and Religious Research, what is, in substance, a candid admission that, in spite of fifty years' intensive effort and the expenditure of from fifty to one hundred million dollars, Protestant, including, of course, Episcopal, mission-work "has failed to accomplish to any significant degree the evangelization of Catholic immigrants and their descendants." So we can breathe again, and, whilst not denying a vast "leakage" in the States as elsewhere, comfort ourselves with the cheery assurance—"on information that has come to me from reliable sources"—given in a subsequent issue (May 11th), by the Editor of the *Church Times*, that "the Roman Church is making steady progress in the United States, and is making many converts among native-born Americans." Confirmation of that piece of good news appears in the statistics for 1933 (though we must admit that accounts vary) which mention an increase of 13,881 in the number of conversions over the previous year—60,322 as against 46,441. A fuller refutation of this Anglican "scare" from an American correspondent is to hand, but must be held over for the present.

HOW THE SOCIETY OF JESUS BEGAN

THE Society of Jesus accepts as the date of its birth the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1534, exactly four hundred years ago. That date may almost be taken as the end of the later Middle Ages, and the beginning of the modern world; with the year 1534 many a history starts a fresh chapter, Pastor opens a new volume, and virtually a new method of handling his material. Five years before, Charles V had been crowned by the Pope, but at Bologna not in Rome; his was the last of the great imperial coronations. Francis I had already ruled France for nineteen years; his co-operation with the Turks in the East was the first formal break-up of Christendom. In England, Henry VIII had, in this same year, definitely received from the Holy See the decision that his marriage with Catherine of Aragon was valid; the Carthusians, Fisher and More, went to the scaffold in 1535, and the separation from Rome was definitely made. James V in Scotland, the father of the hapless Queen of Scots, John III in Portugal, round whom centres the history of the great discoveries, Sigismund I in Poland, Gustavus Vasa in Sweden—the list of the ruling monarchs alone brings up pictures of upheaval and expansion throughout the Christian world, such as had never been before. In Rome Clement VII, Giulio de Medici, was Pope, the patron of Benvenuto Cellini, of Raphael and Michelangelo; he was to be succeeded in that same year by Alessandro Farnese, Paul III, a transition which, with the sack of Rome in 1527, has been taken by historians as the end of the Renaissance period. It was also the end of both Papal and Imperial supremacy; and with that dual control gone, we do not wonder that to many statesmen of the time it seemed that Europe was galloping fast towards anarchy and ruin.

In this same year Martin Luther was fifty years of age, Calvin thirty-three. The former had done the chief part of his work, and was standing out to maintain it; the latter had already sown the seed of his teaching, and was now in hiding, waiting for it to mature. Luther had shaken the foundations of government, temporal as well as spiritual; foundations which had hitherto withstood every attack since the days of

Charlemagne. He had found a formula for which the new age was seeking ; he had proclaimed the liberty, both of man and of his conscience, in language that had carried away millions who had not stopped to distinguish between liberty and license. Fourteen years before, he had boldly sent to the Pope his treatise on "The Liberty of a Christian," and had followed it up with his pamphlet on "The Babylonian Captivity." He had been condemned, but the condemnation had come too late ; he could now hold it up as but a further proof of that tyranny which he had taken it upon himself to destroy. He had burnt the "Bull of Antichrist," as he called it, publicly before the city gate of Wittenberg, and there had been thousands present to witness and applaud. He had defied Pope and Emperor alike and had succeeded ; there was now no hope of a return to the old order, peace could only come from a new birth, a new adjustment, of kingdoms, of peoples, of Christendom itself. The Reformation had definitely begun ; that is, the re-formation of the nations, much more than of the religion, of what had hitherto been a united civilization.

Another anxiety, far greater in the eyes of the Latin nations bordering on the Mediterranean, was the ever-threatening dread of conquest from the East. Though the Moors had been driven out of Spain, still they had left more than a memory behind ; we cannot wonder that to one like Ignatius Loyola, as to Raymond Lull two centuries before, the one thing to be desired, for universal peace, was the spiritual conquest of the Mohammedan power at its source. In the last sixty years that power had completely conquered Palestine, the whole of northern Africa, the Balkan peninsula and Greece ; it had but lately added Hungary on land, and Rhodes on the sea, to its dominions. True it had been checked at Vienna, and had been stopped from further encroachments towards Italy ; but the danger was always present, merchant ships were never secure from Turkish pirates, and the Battle of Lepanto, which at last was to bring peace, would not be fought for another forty years. Clement VII saw the danger, perhaps more than any other ruler. He had appealed to the Emperor, to the King of France, to other Christian princes, but already the break-up of Christendom was having its effect ; his appeals had only aggravated differences between the princes themselves, and between the princes and the Pope. After the Knights of St. John had been driven out of Rhodes, he secured for them the possession of Malta, whence they took

their later name, and for a time held back the enemy by land and sea. This was in 1532, two years before the meeting at Montmartre; since then the Pope had been able to do no more, and the coast-lands of southern Europe were learning only too well the danger that was never far away.

It is because of a background such as this that historians see the significance of the year 1534; as Pastor says, in the reign of Clement VII the climax of trouble was reached. Still, it was by no means all black; there were many rifts in the clouds; as had happened before in the history of the Church, the very excess of evil had produced the beginnings of better things. Prominent among these was the foundation of the Capuchins by Matteo de Brassi in 1528, the year after the sack of Rome; is it too much to say that this was the first real step, on a grand scale, in the direction of true reform? Before that date, in 1522, Blessed Paul Giustiniani had brought about the revival of the Camaldoleses on Monte Corona; about the same time St. Jerome Emilian had formed his Congregation of clerks regular, the Somaschi, rigorous in rule, devoted to the help of orphans and lost children. Then there had come the Theatines, founded by St. Cajetan and John Peter Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul IV, in 1524. Their purpose and spirit were significant, in view of that into which the Society of Jesus later developed; indeed, at one time, so like did the two institutions appear, that the attempt was made to unite them into one. Their members began by surrendering all their dignities into the hands of the Pope; they renounced their right to all they possessed and lived entirely on alms; they devoted themselves, first to the training of the clergy, and then to works of charity. In Milan arose the Order of the Barnabites, founded in 1532 by St. Antonio Maria Zaccaria. Their purpose was the salvation of souls by means of the confessional and the pulpit, the education of youth and the direction of seminaries, missions and common life; again, an anticipation of what the Society was to be. Zaccaria died in 1539, when only thirty-six years of age; it is worthy of note that among his devoted admirers, along with such men as St. Philip Neri and St. Charles Borromeo, was St. Ignatius Loyola, his elder by at least twelve years.

Thus, long before the founding of the Society of Jesus, other reforms were afoot making in the direction which, in the end, the Society was led to adopt. Indeed, at the beginning, as Father Pollen and others have repeatedly pointed

out, it might have been thought that Ignatius Loyola had other ends in view than the founding of an apostolic Order. Students of the Saint, especially his contemporaries, have dwelt, it is true, upon his intense, driving personality and his strength of will, shown above all in his treatment of himself; but they have described no less his deeply affectionate nature, his gentle kindness of manner, which made him beloved by those who knew him, even before his conversion. The story of that conversion, and of the years that immediately followed, might have led one to suppose that his bent was rather to the cloister than to the arena of the world. His delight in gazing on the heavens and the stars, a delight he never set aside, his first dedication of himself in the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat, his acceptance there of a Benedictine confessor and director, his night watch before the shrine of Our Lady and the surrender of his sword at the feet of his chosen Queen, all would seem to point to a contemplative vocation rather than to that of an active Order; one might have supposed him more akin to St. Benedict, St. Bruno and St. Bernard than to St. Dominic, St. Francis, or the reforming founders of his own time.

Nor is this impression altered by the account of his life in the cave at Manresa. There, we are told,

He never wore any covering on his head. He slept only a few hours in the night with a stone for a pillow, on the bare ground, and this in the midst of winter while his health was still weak. He scourged himself four or five times in the night with iron chains, till he had satisfied the fervour of his devotion. He used to kneel seven hours in the day in prayer, and, not content with this, assisted at Mass and the divine offices.¹

Descriptions such as this, and there are many more, recall to us St. John of the Cross or the early hermits. His ecstasies at this time confirm the impression; especially the most famous of all, of which the Saint himself always made the most account. Then

He remained for a whole week so absorbed in God that his soul received no service from his bodily senses; and his state so much resembled death that he would have been buried, if it were not that a faint palpitation of the heart showed that he was still alive.²

¹ Mariani: "Life."

² *Ibid.*

We venture to emphasize this point because it is, perhaps, in the contemplative tendency of St. Ignatius Loyola that the true spirit of his Order is to be found. Contemplation was his first aim ; his first disciples, especially Faber and Xavier, were fired by the same ambition. It was in this atmosphere that he imbibed the driving power that later made him what he was : that is, a vivid realization of the personality of Jesus Christ his Lord, more vivid than that of life itself, and an utter devotion to Him, wherever that devotion might lead. The effect was immediately manifest ; it was not the founding of an apostolic Order. No sooner had he recovered from this period of enlightenment than he must make his way at once to the Holy Land, no matter what obstacles opposed him ; at this point at least he had nothing else in mind but to aim at an exact likeness to his Ideal, even so far as to live like Him and with Him, in solitude on the very spot on which He had lived. Arrived there, says his historian,

It had been the intention of Ignatius to spend the remainder of his life in the Holy Land, and to employ his time partly in visiting the holy places, and partly in labouring for the conversion of the heathen ;

and had it not been for the injunction of the Franciscan Provincial there to return to Europe, no more might have been heard of Ignatius Loyola than has been heard of many another contemplative Saint.

He returned to Spain, but with the same one idea in his mind ; not to found an Order, but first make himself, and then make other men, as much like Jesus Christ his Lord as he could ; one may ask whether, to the end of his career, he had any other purpose in anything he did. He set himself to study ; but his studies were often interrupted by ecstasies, in which he was heard to say : "Ah, Lord, would that men would know thee !" He sought opportunities to draw other men to his own way of thinking, and made bitter enemies in consequence ; when he suffered at their hands he could only reply : "How great would be my good fortune if I could imitate Christ by suffering and by dying for His sake !" What he said then was little different from what he wrote more than twenty years later when charity and prudence and reason impelled him to frame the Constitutions of the Society. At Barcelona, at Alcala, at Salamanca it was always the same ; Ignatius the mystic struggling with Ignatius the apostle, and

thereby making himself a problem to those who could look on him as no more than Ignatius the very backward student.

But it may have been that at this time Ignatius was yet more of a problem to himself. At all events he failed in most things to which he put his hand at that time; in his studies, in his attempts to draw young men to follow his ideal, in the management of himself. We have it on his own evidence that his book of the *Spiritual Exercises* was built up mainly out of experience of his own soul; that originality of teaching which drew trouble on him in his own country seems to have consisted mainly in the exposition of these lessons of experience, rather than of the traditional theology. He was still neither sure of himself nor of the course he should pursue. When he went to the Holy Land he had meant that to be his final goal; when he returned to Spain he was still groping in the dark, searching, as spiritual directors say, for his vocation. He left Spain for Paris; at the mature age of thirty-six, but with a further experience gained from many failures. This time he would not fail. He would be content to go slowly; while yet the final goal was not clear before him the years could pass by. Of one thing only he was certain, and that for the present was enough; he must himself be as like his Lord as it was possible to be, and he must make others as like Him as it was possible to make them, taking them one by one.

In evidence of this it is noticeable that at first Ignatius did not seem to pick his men; he took the first that came to his hand. Only at the end, after seven years of experience and trial, did he select a few and unite them together into a single band; up to that time, after the manner of His Lord and Ideal, he allowed them to come to him. The first was Peter Faber, a poor student from Savoy, who, by hard work and talent, had risen to some esteem with his professors in the University. Ignatius was given to Peter to be coached in philosophy; in return, the tutor found in his pupil, his elder by many years, both a friend and a support. Friendship led to intimacy; Peter learnt that his disciple had been to the Holy Land, and that he intended some day to go there again; that his one ambition was to preach the Gospel there as his Ideal had preached it, and perhaps, like Him, to lay down his life on the same spot. At once Peter caught the fever; he, too, would live as Ignatius lived, a hermit in the midst of the city, an imitator of Christ in the midst of the University, until such time as he could go with his friend to Palestine.

Under Ignatius he went through the Spiritual Exercises ; he finished his studies, was ordained a priest, and then waited.

Peter had another friend in the University, by name Francis Xavier, a man of his own age, who had come to Paris from Navarre. In their early days at the College of St. Barbara the two had shared rooms together ; that Xavier and Ignatius should become known to each other through Peter Faber was as natural as that Simon should have become known to Jesus by the Jordan through his brother Andrew. After him came James Lainez, a Castilian, and Alonso Salmeron, from Toledo. Both of these had heard of Ignatius before in their own country ; when they came to Paris, the first only twenty-one years of age, the second three years younger, it was natural for them to seek out their older fellow-countryman to guide them. Next was Nicholas Bobadilla, another Spaniard, from Valencia, twenty-three years old. During his first years at the University Bobadilla had fallen into financial straits ; he had heard that Ignatius was always ready to help students poorer than himself, and had come to him for assistance. Last was Simon Rodriguez, a Portuguese, who was studying in Paris with a scholarship provided by the King of Portugal ; how he came into the group we do not know. No doubt there were some others ; the fact that Ignatius was once sentenced to be publicly flogged for interfering with the lives of his fellow-students is proof that his influence reached far beyond these six, while the remission of the sentence at the last moment could only have enhanced his prestige, at least among those who believed in him. Of at least one immediate failure we know, that of Jerome Nadal, though he too joined them years later, after the Society of Jesus had been definitely established, and did heroic work for the Faith.

Such were the young men whom, in 1534, Ignatius selected for his first companions. He was then forty-three years of age ; the ages of the rest ranged between twenty-eight and eighteen. Faber and Xavier were the oldest, having both been born in 1506 ; but even they, with fifteen years between them and Ignatius, found no difficulty in looking up to him as their guide and inspiration. Ignatius had taken them one by one, as they had come to him, apparently choosing none ; he had given to each his separate attention, as if the perfection of that single soul was his only purpose, as indeed, until he was satisfied, it was. It was his characteristic then and always ; no master of the spiritual life has ever laid more stress on the perfecting of the individual, if the whole mass is to

be made perfect. When at length he had done for each apart all that was in his power, then he decided to go further. He gathered them together, introduced them to each other in a new bond of friendship, and told them he had a design in his mind which he wished to put before them. But first, before he disclosed his plan, he would have them choose for themselves. He would have each one think out alone an answer to this question : What appeared to him to be the best use he could make of his life, for the glory of God, for the good of men, for his own salvation. To the end of his life, as he believed in individual perfection above all things else, so was he jealous for the freedom of the individual ; his obedience, when later it came, was a free obedience, motived by love and not by service, much less by material efficiency ; his ideal was always the same, the conforming of the individual to Christ his Lord.

With this preparation he again called his young men together and laid before them his plans. They knew already, he told them, what was the main ambition of his life ; how he wished to make it as like as possible to the life of Christ, even in the smallest detail, yes, even so far as to dwell in the very place where Christ had dwelt, and thus to live His life again. He wished in this way, not only to sanctify and perfect himself, but also to sanctify other men as Christ had sanctified them. He wished to sanctify them, not only by labouring for them as Christ had laboured, on the same spot, in the same way, but also by making the same sacrifice as Christ, if God would so ordain it. He wished, therefore, when the convenient time should come, to go over to Palestine and there begin his life's work ; and for this he was resolved to bind himself by vow. He put it before them as his own decision and no more ; it was his own answer to the question he had put to them all. What now did they think ? Would they go with him ? Would they bind themselves with him ? Or had they, in their recent meditations, thought of something yet more perfect, something that would make them yet more like to Jesus Christ their Lord ?

Such, in embryo, was the Society of Jesus as it was first announced by its founder to his first disciples ; we have only to look at his Constitutions, written some twenty years later, to see how little, in spite of developments, he changed from his first design. Nor need we be surprised that the six young men who listened to him were easily led to the same heart and mind ; trained as they had been trained, each apart but all ac-

cording to the same ideal, to look to the King who "had taken His stand on a great plain round Jerusalem," they could only aspire to the same goal. Only one suggestion was made; which of them made it we do not know, though it was to alter the whole history of the Society. The war with the Turks was still proceeding; to cross the sea to Asia was always dangerous, often impossible; whole years had sometimes passed without a ship sailing from any Christian port to the East. Suppose they were prevented from fulfilling their vow of going to Palestine, what was to be done? It was a real problem, not a fancy; another proof how much their southern minds were affected by the danger from the Turk. It was decided that those who had not yet finished their studies should remain in Paris till they were done; that then all should come together in Venice, for the voyage oversea; that they should wait there, if necessary, for the space of a year; that if within that time they could find no passage they should consider themselves freed from their vow; instead, they would go to Rome, and there put themselves in the hands of Christ's vicegerent, for him to make of them whatever use he would.

The decision was taken in July, 1534. On the Feast of the Assumption following, August 15th, the seven forgathered in the crypt of the Church of Our Lady on the side of Montmartre, the Hill of the Martyrs where St. Denis had laid down his life for Christ. Peter Faber, the only priest among them, said the Mass. At the moment of Communion he turned with the host towards the rest, and each pronounced the three vows of poverty, chastity and, if opportunity allowed, the journey to the Holy Land within a fixed date. There was no question yet of the vow of obedience; they were brethren united by the bond of charity, for a common purpose, the exact reproduction of Christ in themselves, and that was enough. One thing more they added; since they had pronounced their vows on this Feast of Our Lady and at her feet, they were to regard her as in a special way their common Mother. Ignatius had not forgotten his dedication of himself, more than twelve years before, at Montserrat; one might almost say that his Order was the Society of Mary before it became the Society of Jesus.

In this way the Society came into being; it was almost twenty years before it reached maturity. In 1536 the members assembled in Venice as had been arranged; they stayed there a year, during which time no opportunity occurred to allow them to fulfil their vow. Accordingly, Loyola and

Lainez started for Rome, to offer their services to the Holy Father; the rest were scattered through other towns. But first arose the question of their name. If men asked who they were, what were they to say? They agreed on the title of "The Company of Jesus"; for they only wished to be His companions, in life, in work, and in death. Next was the problem of their status and the means of union. At present they were just a group of secular clergy; some among them were of opinion that it was enough. But if they were to continue, if they were to have successors, obviously a centre of some sort was necessary; some sort of novitiate and house of training. Would that suffice? Should they also add the vow of obedience, and thus constitute themselves a Religious Order? Much as has been said about the obedience of the Jesuit, obedience was not in the first idea of St. Ignatius; there was a long debate before it was accepted and he, much against his will, was elected the first Superior. It was not till 1541 that the Society was formally established, and its first members made their formal profession of four vows in the church of St. Paul outside the Walls.

All this time it will be seen how little, apparently, St. Ignatius and his first companions had to do with the Reformation movement going on about them. Perhaps it is too much to say, as some have said, that probably Ignatius had not even heard the names of the reformers; Paris, in his day, was full of the new doctrines, and a student in the schools, sitting almost alongside of Calvin, could scarcely have been deaf to all that was being said. But whether this be so or not, it is easy to see how it would have made little impression on the Spanish Saint and his companions. To them the danger to Christendom was not Luther, but the Turk; if that enemy was to be overcome he must be attacked, not by the sword, but by the weapons of Christ in His own home. To them, again, when they looked over Europe, the reform was less one of dogma than of interior life; if the world was to be won back it must be done by men who, like St. Paul, by example more than by word, would preach to it Christ and Him crucified. The first companions of Jesus thought to put their principles into practice among the enemy of Christ in Palestine; the Popes saw farther, and turned them against the enemy in Europe. They obeyed, but the principle did not change. Scarcely had they begun their work at the Pope's bidding than Ignatius was sending his favourite and most gifted son to battle with the pagan in the East.

ALBAN GOODIER.

ENGLAND AND THE SLAVE-TRADE

ON August 1, 1834, negro slavery ceased to exist in the British West Indies and the Latin-American colonies. This centenary gives fitting occasion to reflect upon the strange moral obliquity which kept both slavery and the slave-trade so long in existence, and also to appraise the harmful effect which the habit of slave-holding had on industrial conditions in the home country itself.

So far as England was concerned, the slave-trade and its protection by Government commenced under the reign of Elizabeth, before England possessed any transatlantic colonies. Hawkins was permitted by the Queen to traffic in black flesh for the benefit of the Spanish-American settlements. The successive efforts of Cardinal Ximenes, the great Dominican Las Casas and the Emperor Charles V, had resulted in the African slave-trade being forbidden to Spanish nationals. The Spanish abolitionists, in their anxiety to prevent the entire extinction of the feeble aborigines of the West Indies and America by the colonists, had, unfortunately, as the less of two evils, allowed themselves to sanction instead the importation of twelve African negroes per colonist, finer physical specimens capable of four times the work. They quickly repented, however, of the compromise into which they had been trapped, and eventually introduced an elaborate slave-code which set severe limits to the activities of slave-holders, enforced moral education for the negro and provided an enlightened system of manumission.

The Spanish colonists, however, though unable to fetch slaves themselves or to buy them within the Spanish empire, were still able to purchase them in foreign markets. Hawkins, indeed, compelled the Peruvians at the point of the sword to buy his black wares. Later, during the seventeenth century, the chief caterers for Spanish needs were the Portuguese, the Dutch and the French. The Portuguese had established themselves on the Guinea coast as early as 1480 and they had a huge slave market at Lisbon. Sufficient of their exploits can be learned from the writings of de Sandoval who, with his fellow Jesuit, St. Peter Claver, ministered to the slaves in the landing-pens of Carthagena.

After Hawkins, the English trade had languished considerably. Possibly the Spanish wars were one reason why the

English refused to contaminate themselves with the iniquitous traffic ! Towards the end of the seventeenth century, however, the English trade developed in an extraordinary manner. As from 1689, England gained the right of supply into the Spanish West Indies through her great market at Jamaica, and by the *Asiento* clause of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, she received the contract for the entire supply of Spain's American colonies. England had become the greatest slave-trading country in the world, and for the next hundred years she was to supply more than half the world's demand for African labour, though in competition with Portugal, France and Holland.

For a time the monopoly was held by the chartered African Company, but in 1698 this was replaced by the Company of Merchants, an open corporation which combined and regulated the operations of a large number of individual traders. Any Englishman who joined this society obtained Royal licence to carry fire and sword into the native villages and make captures ! The purchase (or seizure) and shipment of negroes took place mainly along the West African coast, and these activities were sheltered by a string of stations and forts. The benevolent attitude assumed by Government towards the Company caused them to exempt all slaver-ships from paying dues towards the cost of maintaining these forts.

Between the years 1680 and 1700 alone, 300,000 Africans were exported by these British merchants. From 1700 to 1786, one year before the foundation of the first Anti-Slavery Committee in England, 610,000 negroes were shipped to the island of Jamaica, Queen of the British West Indies. Bancroft estimated that, during the century preceding the American prohibition of 1776, British traders had carried 3,000,000 slaves into the European colonies in the Antilles and the New World. Long, in his "British West Indies," reckoned the total import into the British colonies in the West Indies and America at 2,130,000, but he remarks that this would have been regarded as an understatement at the time he wrote (1791). In that same year the British slave-trading stations or "factories" on the West African coast numbered fourteen, and in the previous year they had exported 38,000 "black cattle" out of an international total of 74,000. In 1791, again, it was estimated that an annual importation of 58,000 was needed to keep up the numbers in the whole of the West Indies : other authorities placed the annual supply to the British sugar islands, previous to the French Revolution, at

25,000. The slave population of the archipelago was assessed at about one million—only a trifle short of the entire slave population of North, Central and South America.

The slave-dealer, buying in the marts of the Guinea coast, had to transport his goods a considerable distance, and he very often had to reckon on a loss of from 3 per cent to $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of his stock during the sea-passage or "middle voyage," and a further $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent while awaiting sale in the West Indian and American harbours. Of the remainder, one-third died quickly in the planters' hands, from nostalgia, the effects of the voyage and the unaccustomed toil. Such losses were allowed for in assessing prices. In the colonies, a "prime male slave" was usually valued at anything from £30 to a hundred guineas; but depreciation, owing to excessive or unwanted work, could reach a ludicrous depth—"Quamina, a good watchman, but bad legs, 6d.!"¹ Receipts, inventories and auctioneers' bills preserved at Wilberforce House, Hull, record a higher level of prices in the American colonies, ranging from 750 to 1,500 dollars. In the islands, however, the lower prices prevailed. A letter sent by one Richard Lawson to a Mr. Brown, dated "Grenada, 21st April, 1802," offers a negro girl, Nelly, at £40, and notes the arrival of a cargo of "new negroes here last week @ £70."

Both slavery and the slave-trade were integral parts of the economic system and the industrial conditions then obtaining in Britain and her colonies. The economic doctrine current in those days was called "mercantilism." In essence it worked for the gaining of "treasure" (bullion and specie) by favourable balances on foreign trade. Great importance was placed on the numbers engaged in work, but not so much that men might find employment to live by, as that the national wealth should be thereby increased. Employment or industry which did not increase exports was not considered good; therefore, the tendency was to concentrate on the production of manufactures rather than of food or raw materials. England made the fateful decision that she would become the workshop of the world. Within the orbit of this very nationalistic economy a fitting place had to be found for the colonies. The original rigid theory did not in itself approve the drainage caused by the settlement of Britons in foreign parts, since it postulated a large home population. But the exodus to the New World caused by political and religious difficulties

¹ *Quarterly Record of Additions* (Hull Museum Publications), Nos. 49 and 141; also Wilberforce House Museum, Hull, Exhibits Nos. 517 and 544.

at home soon compelled the professors to broaden the basis of the theory, in order not entirely to lose the industrial benefit of these evasive citizens. With the late Lord Milner, their motto was : "Follow the Race!" This expansion they defended by asserting that the colonists were malcontents, adventurous misfits and loose livers who would hardly stay at home in any case, and who might be of more use to the mother country by not staying in it. This was, in large measure, borne out, for the West Indian planters were often gluttons and hard drinkers, while the continental colonists were the descendants of persecuted minorities who had a standing grudge against the Crown.

By a long series of Acts of Trade and Navigation, commenced under the Commonwealth Government, colonial products were "enumerated" and facilities for inter-trade organized. The principle was that the colonies existed rather for the good of the mother country than for their own ; colonies were merely British trade missions resident in foreign parts, whose purpose was to create fresh markets for British manufactures. Accordingly, any attempts to cultivate produce other than that required for home consumption or to enter into any industrial production which might compete with home manufactures was sternly repressed. The benefits to England were these : since colonies were not permitted to trade direct with any other country or between themselves, England enjoyed a monopoly of their raw materials, and gained substantially by the *entrepot* trade. Again, all colonial surplus was re-exported through London, and all inter-colonial and English-colonial cargoes were carried in British bottoms. Finally, the home country enjoyed in the colonies a non-competitive market for its manufactures. This system, involving the economic subjection of the colonies, was clamped in place by an elaborate tariff of duties and imposts. As a contemporary expressed it, in his "England's Treasure by Foreign Trade," the colonies were of value in so far as "they take off our manufactures and products, and supply us with products which may either be wrought up here or exported again, or prevent fetching things of the same nature from other places for our own home consumption, employ our poor and encourage our navigation."

The official mercantilists, though reconciled to the emigration of wastrels, deprecated a wholesale emigration of whites, for this would not increase the number of consumers of home products and by lessening the number of home employed,

would lessen the national income. Secondly, the materials which England required could be grown only in sub-tropical belts; in such parts the climate was unsuited to white labour, as the brief and unsuccessful attempt to use convicts and transports proved. Only some such race as the negro could profitably undertake the toil of production and also prevent a greater emigration of whites. Accordingly, whites, emigrating only in sufficient numbers to undertake the managerial and administrative work, were looked upon as outposts engaged in the erection of stockades, into which pens were to be driven great herds of Africans, whose normal requirements would make them fresh customers of Britain and thus add to the number of her product-consumers. An eminent mercantilist of the day, Sir Josiah Child, estimated that "one Englishman, with the ten negroes that work with him, accounting for what they ate, used and wore, would provide work for four factory labourers at home, while ten Englishmen in the colonies would not add one to the number of home employed."

By the creation of the Committee for Trade and Plantations, subsequently called the Board of Trade, mercantilism acquired its necessary instrument of supervision—inquiry and statistical report.

We can now see how bound up with the growth of British commercial greatness was the slave system. By the end of the eighteenth century about £70,000,000 was invested in the colonial plantations; and in 1789, according to Pitt, the London proprietors (70 per cent of the planters were absentees) were drawing in an income of £54,000,000. It was estimated that £30,000 was required to open out a new plantation; and it was from the "treasure" gained by the West India merchants through their re-export of colonial produce, that the finance for the opening of fresh plantations was obtained. The imperial Government actively perpetuated the system by refusing the request of the American colonies that the import of new slaves be regulated, for it was only by a constant sale of slaves that the shipping community flourished. The chief slaving ports were Liverpool and Bristol, with London and Lancaster some distance behind. The shippers of these towns had, in the period previous to the American war of Independence, 192 vessels engaged in the traffic, with space available for 47,146 "passengers." In 1806, one year before abolition, Liverpool alone had 111 ships in the slave-trade; and in that same year Sir Robert Peel was dismally forecasting the

destruction of our textile industries if we gave up the slave-traffic. Liverpool interests boasted that their port had been responsible for the sale of over 300,000 negroes in the decade 1783—1793, at a cost of £15,000,000; in the latter year Liverpool had secured three-sevenths of the entire European trade.

The home country purchased the cotton grown by the American slaves and sold the finished cloths to the West Indian slaves—such was the advantage of the slave economy. It was almost entirely on the system of slavery that the early structure of the Empire was built in the transatlantic colonies, and it was through their need of slave labour that the British connexion with Africa was established. The export of home manufactures through the trading-stations (on whose activities the later African colonies were built) was financed in the main by the cash which the traders received from their customers in return for "black ebony" in the New World. The shipping community, the marine insurance houses, the manufacturers, the bankers, the West India merchants—all these interests and those whom they employed, looked upon negro slavery as the foundation-stone of national prosperity. The State shared the view of the bulk of its trading citizens. The cry of the Mayor of Bristol in 1713 that the prosperity of his town had been wholly built on the slave-trade, was echoed fifty-one years later by Lord Dartmouth, President of the Board of Trade, when he declared that no one would be permitted "to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation."

At this precise moment when England was entering on the era of imperial expansion and industrial supremacy, she had just emerged from a moral crisis. The eighteenth century was one in which the social and religious effects of the Reformation and the resultant change of dynasty seemed to have finally laid the hauntings of the past. At one time the protective guild-system and the voice of supreme authority had held some power of co-operative restraint; the natural lust for gain had been bridled in some degree by public law and moral custom.¹ A new code of values, straining underneath for centuries, had now been set free; the Renaissance was followed by a grosser though more logical humanism. The commercial magnate, and no longer the haloed saint, had become the model for the multitude. The new culture had involved a change of gods; and commercial success with its twin crown—the gratification of individual pomp and the

¹ "The Rise of Modern Industry," by J. L. and Barbara Hammond, p. 212.

pride of national supremacy—became the satisfying object of desire. Hence the riot of liberty, the spirit of adventure, the constant love of speculation in that essentially worldly age.

In this eager service of Mammon, England, developing into the world's workshop, did not escape the curse that a national dependence on slavery entails. It would not be very difficult to demonstrate that the conditions of the English workers during the period of change from domestic to factory industry, which characterized the Industrial Revolution, were more appalling than those of the West Indian slaves. A West Indian planter once declared to a Bradford spinner : "I have always thought myself disgraced by being the owner of slaves, but we never in the West Indies thought it possible for any human being to be so cruel as to require a child of nine years old to work $12\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day."¹ It might amuse the Macaulayan cynic² that Wilberforce, who spent his whole life to free the negro, should be one of the chief authors, in 1799, of an Act which forbade, under pain of three months' imprisonment, any worker from combining with another to secure a betterment of his working conditions. The chief disabilities of the English worker compared in their nature with the chief evils of slavery. There was gross extension of working hours in both cases; there was also gross underpayment.³ The slave's loss of freedom was paralleled in England by a double tendency in legislation, (1) an almost complete removal of laws which had protected the liberty of the worker and regulated his relations with his employer, and (2) enforcement of an enslaving code of industrial law, ranging from the Act of 1719 which forbade him to take his skill into another country, to the Anti-Combination Law of Pitt and Wilberforce.

London parishes, in return for relief, often claimed the right to bestow the children on some Lancashire manufacturer. Shipped off in wagon-loads by this internal slave-trade, these children were lost for ever to their parents. That the actual working conditions could out-distance the degradation of even the most exploited negroes may be seen from the task allotted to the female colliers, whom Lord Shaftesbury did not succeed in releasing until 1842. These women and girls were

¹ "The Town Labourer, 1760—1832," by J. L. and Barbara Hammond, p. 160.

² Readers will recall the delicious commentary on the *actio in distans* of English virtue, in Macaulay's Essay on Moore's "Life of Byron."

³ Slaves were capable of earning a kind of "overtime" wages; their guaranteed food, lodging and medical attendance must also count as wages. See "British Slavery and its Abolition," by W. L. Mathieson, p. 73.

compelled, for from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, to crawl backwards and forwards underground dragging the trucks of coal. The trucks were fastened to a chain which passed between the legs and was connected with a belt which encircled their naked waists. They wore merely a pair of sackcloth trousers. Ingrained with grime and filth, all manner of disease attacked their unnaturally worked bodies: some literally became unsexed. Those who retained breasts and the power of reproduction were allowed one week above ground to bear their children.

It is important to note that, when the movement to restore the worker's rights and to ameliorate his conditions began, the same type of argument was used against it as had been used by the Government and all the varied interests when the Abolitionists commenced their campaign against slavery. The slave-holder had pointed to the vast capital sunk in those industries that depended on slave-labour, to the dependence of the navy on commerce, and the dependence of commerce on the slave-trade. He argued that if free labour replaced the negro slave, strikes, higher wages, careless work and a host of similar evils would result in the downfall of industrial England. Liverpool, Paisley, Bristol, Manchester and Birmingham would dwindle back into the hamlets out of which negro slavery had created cities. In the same way, the philanthropists now threatened the ruin of Lancashire and Yorkshire, even of the whole country. Cardwell (destined, as Colonial Secretary in 1865, to see the final bloody outcome of planter oppression in Jamaica) inveighed against the "blind impulse of humanitarianism." The industrialists argued that Britain depended on her export of manufactures; these exports depended on capital, and capital on profits; profits could only be obtained so long as the masters were allowed to work adults and children for indefinite hours for infinitesimal wages. Triumphantly could Cobbett describe the sum of the manufacturers' argument—that the difference between British supremacy and British defeat was the white slavery of 30,000 little girls.

It is, indeed, a melancholy conclusion at which historical research has compelled us to arrive—that the colonial empire was initiated by the stealing and exploiting of African slaves, and that the great industrial machine required to feed and develop this empire was organized by the slavery of England's own inhabitants. This anniversary might most fittingly be celebrated by an Act of National Repentance.

JOHN QUINLAN.

THE HUSK AND THE HEART

AS a novice it had pleased her to picture for herself the most unpleasant dooms. She had imagined martyrdom in all its phases—rack, rope, fire, steel, all the rest—but never this heavy martyrdom of monotony. She had not pictured herself like this, secretly, desperately bored!—clogged with an ennui which weighed more heavily than any chain. Not a passing mood to be worked off—she had scrubbed her cell to an almost priggish whiteness—not even to be prayed away, for had she not said two extra rosaries since the morning? And now it was only noon; the heavy heat lay upon the tiled roof as if it could never lift; the shadows across the quadrangle were still short and blunt. The gravel walk glared hotly; the flowers wilted with that dismal drooping of flowers past their first freshness, yet not ripe to fall. All the sultriness of jaded August brooded over the convent garden; and all the depression of a tired body reacted on her mind and soul.

She made her way slowly upstairs to her cell, hoping to find there some breath of coolness, some ease for her restless thoughts. There was the door, painted in that most dingy brown paint, with her name written in rigidly neat script: "*Sister Teresa of the Passion.*" She could still recall her exultation when, the novitiate ended, she left the long blank white dormitory of the novices, and entered into her own cell at last. Here she would live her glorious secret life with God!—here she would meditate and enlarge her heart; here, perhaps, she might one day lay aside the flesh and pass ecstatically to the City of God. . . . But here, to-day, she could merely sit down on that low stool, too small for comfort, and struggle afresh with that batch of cards, to be illuminated in preparation for Christmas. Who would buy those pitifully-priced cards, she wondered?—and who would receive the card over which she laboured now? Possibly some woman in the world, living the life she herself remembered too well; a life smoothed out by afternoon naps when one's head ached, and where eau-de-cologne refreshed a forehead which no tight head-dress gripped intolerably. . . . Sister Teresa pulled herself up sharply; these were not thoughts to dwell upon. She sighed, and bent closer to her work.

To-day any effort seemed beyond her. Her head ached abominably, and she could not lie down—even if that palliasse invited her to rest. She laid down her brushes and sat looking at her cell, seeing it with strange detachment. It was like every other cell—like that cell at Lisieux over which she had pondered, extracting from the smudgy grey print of a picture all the glamour that imagination could lend. Certainly she had not over-imagined the hard, unalleviated comfortlessness of a cell; but to imagine is one thing, to experience another.

All too easily her mind strayed back to her own room at home; the soft blur of colourful chintzes, the gentle carpet beneath her feet, the spiced scents of the flowers beneath her open windows, rising deliciously in the blue dusk. Her wardrobe with its many frocks within, all soft and fine and fragrant; her dressing-table with its glitter of crystal, and the vanities which she had amassed so carelessly, and shed without more than a glance of farewell. Looking back at her home and the pleasantness of life there, she marvelled at her younger self who had decided to part with these things for ever, and held them too trivial for a regret.

Now she was experienced; and now the reality smote her spirit out of which all glamour had quite alarmingly passed. She was only twenty-three! and life lay before her in a terrible vista of routine, solitude, aridity of spirit, of physical stress without one gleam of exaltation to relieve it. "But, of course, I shall feel happy again!" she told herself desperately. "This will pass—it had to come! Mother Magdalen warned me that it couldn't be easy always—and not to mind when the thrill died out and the work remained."

Softened by the name of Mother Magdalen, her loved novice mistress, and the associations which surrounded it, she picked up her brushes again. But the dazzle of that glaring noon tide seemed to have slipped into the colours; the vermillion stung her eyes, the gold teased her with its brightness, and her hand, unsteady with the heat, moved clumsily. Again and again she made a smudge outside the neat design; sighed, and laboriously effaced it, only to make another slip. At last she felt despair rising like a wave, darkening her mind and drowning her pitiful attempts at courage. "*I can't go on!*" she exclaimed aloud, "*I can't.*" She sat with her hands lying in her lap, staring blankly at the white walls of her cell, and the few pictures which broke the monotony.

They were the crude, conventional, devout pictures—(and she loved beauty!)—a saint smiling too self-consciously at a lily of the clumsiest proportions; another saint, grim of aspect, clasping a most unpleasant skull. Strange that she had lived peacefully for so long with these imperfect emblems of that radiant thing, Sanctity. For even now she did not doubt its radiance. Only she had been mad to aspire to such an illumination; completely, irrevocably mad to dream that in herself lay a lasting power of renunciation. Out of that remote past when one read, unchecked, poetry, prose, everything that delighted the intellect, Browning's words came back to her. What had he said?—"The high that proved too high; the heroic for earth too hard, The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky."—Sister Teresa put her head down on the shabby little table, sweeping the tubes and brushes to the ground with her long veil, and wept until she could weep no more.

When, later, she went into the long refectory, moving quietly in the file of nuns, she feared that her reddened eyelids would be noticed. But her neighbours were too careful of "custody of the eyes"; and as she took her place at the long bare wooden table, a wave of resentment swept over her. Who ever noticed anything here? One lived alone, suffering alone, save for such counsels as the Prioress would give when a nun sought her. Sister Teresa deliberately raised her eyes and looked along the table, at the row of downbent faces, all framed in the veils which to-day weighed so heavily upon her. To her exasperated eyes the nuns seemed like carven images; blank, so far as human emotion went; sponged free from every natural impulse of pain, or hope, or fear. "Soon I shall be like that!" she thought half-frantically. "How long will it take to turn me into a statue? How long, O my God?"

She ate and drank mechanically, lifting her wooden bowl to her lips, tasting the tepid flat water as if it were symbolical of her own life. The fare, plentiful enough, had never seemed more unsavoury; the voice of the reader droned like a wearisome fly across the listening room. As she rose with the others Sister Teresa felt a light sweat break out on her forehead; and her heart throbbed sickeningly.

"I cannot go through more of this!" she said within herself. "I cannot! God couldn't want me to—I shall go mad!"

At the recreation she sat beside Sister Imelda, a nun of

manifold virtues, but sadly lacking in the minor graces of humour and tact. Again and again Sister Teresa had forced herself to sit beside this nun ; and listened with concentrated attention to a gentle trickle of inanities, no less inane for being devout. To-day she felt her nerves rasped by everything in Sister Imelda ; the maddening way she fidgeted with her cottons, the zest with which she threaded the smallest length of thread into her needle.

"Don't try to use that!" said Sister Teresa involuntarily. "No one could sew with it!"

Sister Imelda looked at her in amazement.

"But, Sister, what about Holy Poverty? And you know a nun must use everything—nothing is too small for us to think about."

"I suppose that is what makes us so small-minded!" said Sister Teresa with sudden, awful clearness. It seemed to her that the whole room was hushed at her words ; and, overcome, she blushed and drooped her head over her own mending. But in a second or two she looked up, and all was as before ; the Prioress and two or three nuns bent over a vestment in consultation about the colours of the silks, and the other nuns talking quietly and cheerfully. Their evident contentment struck on her heart like a blow. None of them could ever feel like her—none of them! When the recreation ended, she walked blindly out of the room : she did not notice that the Prioress looked after her with a long, speculative look.

The afternoon dragged on with interminable slowness. She was summoned to help in the garden, and worked there clogged by her habit, impeded by her sleeves which fell down repeatedly in spite of all her adjustment of them. By sundown she was jaded ; parched with thirst ; her head throbbing so intensely that her thoughts no longer seemed her own. She tried to pray, but the words seemed empty and meaningless. "I suppose this is a temptation," she thought listlessly. "I ought to struggle against it—what can I do? what can I do?"

Passing along the cloister she glanced up at the statue of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, and paused from habit to pray there. How wooden the little Saint looked! how unaware of any human anguish that round, smiling face! How remote from the crucifix they covered those chubby red roses!

"You knew what it was like, yet you brought me to it!" the young nun cried in her heart. "But I can't stay—you know I can't!" Then, with a desperate gesture of appeal she

flung herself down before the statue, and rested her head on the sharp-edged pedestal. The hard wood hurt her forehead, but was almost a relief; anything that could distract her from her mental pain was an alleviation. She remembered half vaguely that this was a cloister, that anyone might pass and see her so defeated; but physical fatigue and her tormented thoughts made her indifferent to what might happen. "And when I leave, they will all have to know it," she thought bitterly. "It doesn't matter much what I do now!"

She knelt there, unaware of time, conscious only of the pain in her head, and the despondency in her soul. So lost to everything that she did not hear the patter of sandalled feet along the cloister, and their halting at her side. A hand touched her gently, and she started and looked up. The Prioress was looking down at her with quiet, untroubled eyes, as if finding her there was in no way extraordinary.

"Come to me in half an hour's time, Sister," said the Prioress; smiled at her and went away. Sister Teresa watched the tall, resolute figure with something like panic. "She knows, and she is going to tell me that I must leave!" she thought. "She will send me away!"

She stumbled to her feet and stood looking blankly about her. Her eyes fell upon her habit—the stark serge which had once seemed to her the most desirable of garments! Half-unconsciously she stroked it; recalling how it had come upon her with a sense of benediction at her Clothing—how she had taken it up next day with a thrill of pride, as a soldier wearing his uniform for the first time. All her thoughts then had been militant—she would be a "*Captain of Christ*"! She would be gallant, and take at a long splendid stride the arduous life that lay before her. A Captain of Christ! The words stung her now with a sense of mockery. "But I'm only a deserter!" she wailed aloud; and turned away from the indifferent plaster saint.

On her way along the cloister she met the Infirmary who stopped her.

"Sister Imelda tells me that you are very tired, Sister," the older nun said kindly. "I see that she is right—why didn't you come to me?"

"I didn't like to!" faltered Sister Teresa. This kindness unnerved her; for if the excellent nun knew her thoughts would she treat her so pitifully?

"But what am I here for?" the Infirmary inquired briskly.

"Please don't add to my Purgatory by letting me neglect you! Don't do any more work—go to bed, and I will come along and take your temperature."

"O, Sister, I can't go yet—Mother Prioress is seeing me soon," Sister Teresa explained desperately. "And I simply couldn't rest in bed!"

She paused, half expecting a snub for a remark so contrary to Holy Obedience; but the nun only smiled and shook her head.

"Go to Mother Prioress first," she said, "and I will come to your cell later."

She hurried away, her mind already turned towards the infirmary where the youngest and sweetest of the community lay dying that gentle, flower-like death which young nuns so perfectly achieve. Sister Teresa, left alone, felt crushed with self-reproach. So it was Sister Imelda, stupid, boring Sister Imelda, who had noticed her weariness and hastened to remedy it? Yet were not all the nuns tired?—and now she remembered how damp and flushed Sister Imelda's own face had been, how her wrinkled hand shook as it held the needle. A lump came into her throat, and the scourges of self-reproach began to fall heavily upon her. "They are all so brave!—I am the coward," she thought in misery. "Now I shall be sent away—they couldn't keep me. I'm not worth having, and they all know it."

Half dazed she went on to the dispense, where it was her duty to sort and distribute the laundry to the nuns. Then she remembered that she was forbidden to work, and must find a substitute. She made her way wearily to the cell of another young nun, a former sister in the novitiate; knocked, and explained briefly that she must ask to be replaced. Sister Anthony was also tired, and she sighed involuntarily before forcing a smile and a ready response. "Of course, Sister, I'll come along now!"

Sister Teresa turned away feeling sick at heart. Poor Sister Anthony! who had just struggled through her novitiate, dreading to be sent away as too delicate for the Rule, and always oppressed by aridity and repugnance for the life she had chosen. Sister Teresa, buoyed up by her own good health and gay temperament had secretly thought it discrediting for anyone to feel the Rule so much! Now she knew better—and now she hung her head with shame.

It seemed an eternity until it was time for her interview

with the Prioress ; and her heart stood still as she knocked at the door and waited to enter. The Prioress was, as ever, seated at her table, her pen flying swiftly over those flimsy little sheets which lately Sister Teresa had found unbearable to write upon. How, she wondered, could she ever have been so trivial-minded ?

The Prioress laid down her pen ; turned round, and smiled. Perhaps her usual gravity made her smile seem so exquisitely comforting ; and Sister Teresa felt suddenly very young and in need of comfort. But she could only stare dumbly at that splendid face, and wonder apprehensively what the Prioress would say to her ?

The pause while the Prioress turned over some papers on her table was oppressive ; her silence seemed ominous. Sister Teresa folded her damp, trembling hands, and waited.

"Ah, here it is ! " said the Prioress. She selected from her letters one written on paper most evidently not conventional—pleasant paper covered with strong attractive writing.

"I sent for you, Sister, as I have something here which I would like to share with you. Perhaps you remember that when you were clothed, my sister came here with her family ? "

Yes, Sister Teresa remembered. The Clothing had been an event in that quiet rural district ; and the small chapel thronged with visitors of every degree. And she remembered the extremely elegant Comtesse de la Chêne, who had kissed her and enveloped her in one last whiff of the perfume of M. Coty. She had laughed at the time ; and also felt amused at the evident boredom of the superb young army officer who stood rather sulkily behind his mother.

"Well, I have had a letter to-day which is a great joy to me—and also a surprise," the Prioress went on. "My nephew, Lieutenant Paul, has written to tell me that he is offering himself to the Jesuits. He admits that this is not a hasty decision—very far from it—the struggle has been going on for some years. But this is what he says about it."

She picked up the letter, and read aloud in her firm, dispassionate voice :

I funk'd the whole thing so much that, beyond hearing Mass, I kept clear of churches and priests, and at last I thought I had got rid of the idea for good. . . . When Mother persuaded me to accompany her to that Clothing, I only felt extremely bored ! Well, that Clothing settled everything for me. . . . When I saw a young girl doing

what I funk'd doing, I came to my senses. Now pray that I may get through as she did—and please ask her to pray for me. She pulled me round, and I am grateful.

The Prioress folded the thick sheet with slow, careful fingers, and laid it down without looking at Sister Teresa.

"So that is how things go, you see," she remarked. "We struggle, and see no result to comfort us; but all the while God is using what we give for His greater glory."

Sister Teresa was struggling with her tears.

"But, Reverend Mother," she began, "you don't know what I have been feeling! I nearly came to you to say that I must go—that I couldn't bear to stay any longer."

"And do you still want to go?" asked the Prioress, turning to look into her face.

"I couldn't bear to leave now!" Sister Teresa whispered. "You won't tell me to go, will you?"

The Prioress looked down at the young, confused face, and said very gravely: "Sister Teresa, I will certainly tell you to go": she paused, and her rare laugh rippled suddenly, "*to go to bed and get the rest you need!*"

Somehow the young nun knelt for her Prioress's blessing, and groped her way out of the room. As she closed the door she felt, strangely, that it was not the familiar corridor she entered, but life itself—a road of mystery, of shadows, of patience, of endurance, but nevertheless, *her* road, leading to her goal. She flung up her head and smiled into the shadows; then walked with a quick free step back to her own cell.

M. O'ROURKE.

The Death of Abel

HE lay all still there, while the summer day
Kept at its work, insouciant and gay.

The wind in trees; the calling of a bird;
But Abel neither cared, nor spoke, nor stirred.

A deep empurpled gash upon his brow
Proclaimed that he was Death's forever now.

And Adam stood in silence there, while she,
Eve, sobbing low, crouched in her misery. . .

*One of their gifts that their transgression gave:
Sin and the beginning of man's every grave.*

CHARLES J. QUIRK.

LIONEL JOHNSON—PRIEST OF LETTERS

ACCORDING to Lionel Johnson, men of letters are nothing less than a third order of the priesthood; it is their duty to uphold standards, adhere to principles and reflect criticisms as definitely in literature as the orthodox priest does in religion. Certainly, in the scattered writings which this militant critic of the 'nineties contributed to London periodicals from 1890 to 1900, can be found a system of fixed principles in literature as dogmatic as any that Rome requires of her priests in the corresponding field of religion—a *credo* much more precise than any that has been proffered to date by any of the so-called modern Humanists.

As far back as 1919 a writer in an American educational periodical wrote :

There is a reaction from the hectic, febrile tradition in literature to the staid and sober standards of the eighteenth century. The haven of refuge which that era seems to offer is being sought as a centre of calm amid the prevalent unrest. The masculine vigour of its writers, their steady good sense, their objectivity of treatment, their graphic powers of narrative, their practical philosophy of life, recommend them to consideration from existing evils. This disposition to accept the eighteenth century writers as models of excellence was anticipated a few decades ago by Lionel Johnson, whose work in prose and poetry bears the impress of their influence.¹

Evidence of this avowed reaction toward definiteness is even more discernible to-day. In particular, those who advocate humanism in literary criticism are not adverse to returning to definite principles in philosophy. The time is probably opportune then for re-examining and revaluing the literary opinions of Lionel Johnson.²

¹ F. Monahan, *Catholic Educational Review*, 1919, Vol. XVII, pp. 251—261.

² Born March 15, 1867, at Broadstairs, in Kent, Johnson was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford. He spent the greater part of his short life as a journalist in London, from 1890 to 1900. In 1891 he became a Roman Catholic. He died at the age of thirty-five, October 4, 1902. He is remembered chiefly as the author of three books: "The Art of Thomas

From his earliest years at Winchester, Johnson seems to have been destined for criticism. Always more intellectual than imaginative, even after he had embraced journalism as a profession and had gone up to London to support himself by writing, his homesickness was for the dogma and stern thinking of scholastic philosophy. Indeed, in his pronouncements, verbal and written, he proved himself almost a lay theologian—austrere and restrained in mind, a noble reactionary, seeking in the intellect that return to unity which others sought in mysticism and art.

In the "Winchester Letters,"¹ written between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, Johnson showed a remarkably wide acquaintance with English literature and a true sense of critical values. A random glance through these schoolboy effusions shows a knowledge on his part of such diverse types as Browning, Madam Blavatsky, Matthew Arnold, J. S. Mill, Newman, Swedenborg, *Æschylus*, Shelley, W. D. Howells, and Emerson. The list of additional names that might be compiled would prove appalling. As these letters testify, one of the distinguishing traits exhibited by Johnson throughout his life was an omnivorous taste for wide reading and scholarship. Those who re-read his essays will, therefore, be tempted to exclaim with Victor Parr :

What had Lionel Johnson not read, from the medieval mystics and great philosophers before them, to the most recondite seventeenth century chapbook or recent French novel? So wide was his reading, so quick his imagination and retentive his memory, that he knew at once and most surely the scenery and content of any age. It was as though, in his mind's eye, he could see the Athens of Pericles, the Rome of Augustus, the Florence of the Great Age, the London of Shakespeare's and Milton's time, with a vividness that illuminated even such trivialities as details of forgotten dress.²

At Winchester, and later at Oxford, Johnson seems to have steeped himself in particular in the Latin classics. He was also fond of most of the writers of the English Augustan Age—the eighteenth being for him "the century of the wits, the

Hardy" (1896); "Poems" (1895); and "Ireland" (1897). Since his death, in addition to numerous editions of the poems, there have been edited and published "Some Winchester Letters of Lionel Johnson" (1919); "Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers" (1920); and "Reviews and Critical Papers" (1921).

¹ London : George Allen & Unwin, 1919.

² *Poetry Review*, Vol. I, pp. 252—263. London, 1912.

solecists, the essayists of stately common sense, of scholarly grace, of leisurely perfection."

Like the writers of the eighteenth century, Johnson aimed always to adhere to the ascertained contents of life, the principles and powers of human nature. Ever a classicist, he abhorred German Romanticism, Byronic eccentricity and the cult of decadence which was so popular at the "fin de siècle," and he satirized those who followed such literary vagaries in his "Cultured Fawn," written in 1891 and reprinted, after his death, in the *Catholic World* (New York) for September, 1911.

As early as 1883, Johnson was exhibiting traits that showed that he was dominated by the idea of becoming a sort of "critic-priest," a kind of Matthew Arnold in a more professedly "religious way—that is, to combine the position of a man of letters with that of a quasi-religious lecturer."¹

As an Anglican he had even thought of ordination in the church; for he told himself as a boy at Winchester that people might accept from a priest teachings they would reject from a layman. Again and again in the "Winchester Letters" he asserts :

I have one monotone to which I will intone my life—I will be a priest. . . I long for an unsophisticated parish by the dear sea in Cornwall or Norfolk or Devon or anywhere, to live in seclusion, writing for my bread and being as one of the common herd; infusing beauty and the simplicity of love—the ideals of Christ and Shelley into minds fresh from God and the great sea.²

On another occasion he goes so far as to assert: "I am a priest"; then adds, "I am a priest consecrated, but I won't have a parish but try to get the loaves and fishes by literature. . . I will be all things to a few men."³

Although the idea of becoming an actual clergyman seems to have left him when he joined the Catholic Church in 1891, he was still determined to become a religious Matthew Arnold in the Church of his adoption. He, therefore, prided himself on being what he called a Catholic puritan. His principles, however, were never hide-bound or bigoted, but always humanistic—based upon wide reading and mature reflection. Yet when he was applying what to him were but the canons

¹ "Winchester Letters," p. 16. Macmillan, N.Y., 1919.

² *Ibid.*, p. 133.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 92.

of good taste he appeared to some to be reading the verdict, not only of a literary critic, but also of an Inquisitor of the Church. Ezra Pound went so far as to say of Johnson : "He makes every writer show cause why he should not be placed on the Index."¹

What Pound also said of Johnson's poetry is equally true of his critical papers : "They are full of definite statements. For better or for worse they are doctrinal and nearly always dogmatic. He had the blessed habit of knowing his mind, and this is rare among writers of his decade."²

Above all, Johnson was opposed to impressionism, whether in criticism or in poetry. One has but to recall the penetrating criticism he made of Arthur Symons :

He can be pleasant and cleanly when he chooses ; has written things of power and things of charm. But is a slave to impressionism, whether the impression be precise or no. A London fog, the blurred, tawny lamplight, the red omnibus, the dreary rain, the depressing mud, the glaring gin shops, the slatternly, shivering women ; three dexterous stanzas telling you that and nothing more. And in nearly every poem one line or phrase of absolutely pure and fine imagination. If he would wash and be clean, he might be of the elect.³

It was in bemoaning the prevalence of impressionism in criticism, however, rather than in poetry, that a writer in the *Mid-West Quarterly* wrote :

For this invertebrate condition, Lionel Johnson's critical method, it seems to me, would supply an excellent antidote. If he did not hold fast to absolutely fixed laws, as did the eighteenth century, at least his criticism was established on a firm foundation that insured it a positive character. This foundation was composed of knowledge and insight. By birth he was gifted with discernment and zealously he armed himself with the "might of true humanities."⁴

The humanistic principles of Lionel Johnson probably find their best expression in numerous passages scattered through-

¹ Preface, "Poetical Works," p. 8. Edited by E. Pound. London : Elkin Mathews, 1915.

² *Ibid.*, p. 8.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 11. Quoted by Pound.

⁴ T. K. Whipple, *Mid-West Quarterly*, Vol. II, p. 26. New York, 1915.

out his "Art of Thomas Hardy." Just as he defined a gentleman categorically with a sweep of his pen "as a man who knows Greek," so he defined a classic as "a book which has permanence of pleasurable." He wrote :

The classics of all ages and in all tongues are a catholic company ; in their fellowship is room for comers from the four winds, laden with infinitely various gifts and treasures. But as the Church Catholic . . . embracing Tauler and Saint Theresa, excludes Swedenborg and Behmen, so too acts the catholic company of the classics. Diversity is admirable, perversity is detestable ; the distinction may be delicate, but it is decisive, and separates, according to the judgment of time, the cleverness of to-day from the genius that is at home throughout the centuries.¹

The following quotations from "The Art of Thomas Hardy" are succinct expressions of Johnson's creed of letters :

Be we artists, then, or students merely, let us value our own age and ourselves according to the mind of the great masters and in their spirit. . . Only when a delight in the classics has passed into a dislike of contemporary art, when a living love of the classics has degenerated into an artificial habit of esteem, does familiarity with the classics become dangerous to critics. . . As in the spiritual and interior life, the Church would have a man perfect himself by the help of approved rules and meditations, not superseding but directing his conscience, so in art, where also there is an interior life, the collective wisdom of the great masters must help to nourish and sustain that conscience which cannot thrive wholly upon the desires and intimations of its own genius.²

We might add that moderns in search of a critical method may well ponder also "Post Liminium" and the "Reviews and Critical Papers." A modern commentator points out that :

"A veritable feast of delight awaits the book lover in the pages of 'Post Liminium' ; here Lionel Johnson passes in review the great figures of the centuries—poets, visionaries, prophets, mystics, humanists, statesmen, sceptics, infidels ; Virgil and Dante, whom he reveres ; Arnold and Pater, whom

¹ "Art of Thomas Hardy," p. 3.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 7—14.

he loves; Savonarola, whom he champions; Burke, whom he celebrates; Parnell, whom he cherishes; Byron, whom he detests; Saint Francis and Thomas à Kempis, whom he almost worships."¹ It was essays such as those included in "Post Liminium" and "Reviews and Critical Papers" that caused another critic to write of Johnson:

He belongs to the tradition of Gray and Landor and Matthew Arnold, men who, by the finesse of their literary output, emphasized for us the value of discipline.²

Certainly in Johnson's mind discipline was a literary as well as a religious virtue. "Poetry was for him not the expression of lawless desire; criticism not the exploitation of arbitrary proclivities—rather were they both the vehicle of a passion for the things of life that are more excellent. . . . Indeed, to him art implied a salutary discipline of the imagination—a seemly regard for the sanctities of life."³

Long before the contemporary world heard of the new literary Humanism through the columns of the *Bookman*, *Forum* and other magazines, Lionel Johnson had formulated a *credo* of criticism that all students who demanded classical tradition as well as ethical standards could accept. In one of his early books he had quoted the great Sir Joshua Reynolds (himself a true humanist) as saying:

"The habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of the great geniuses till you find yourself warmed by the contact, is the true method of forming an artist-like mind; it is impossible, in the presence of those great men, to think or invent in a mean manner." He goes on to explain that Sir Joshua recommended neither self-dependence nor plagiarism, and then comments:

He who falls into neither of these criminal mistakes is the perfect humanist; he reveres the past, he comprehends the present, he sees life steadily and sees it whole. . . . The humanists in any liberal sense of that term are the Catholics of art; well balanced and well proportioned in mind. They exaggerate nothing, and they ignore nothing, but upon the facts of life, spiritual and material, they look with discernment which tries to realize them all at their true value.⁴

¹ F. Moynihan, *Catholic World*, Vol. 107, p. 760.

² T. K. Whipple, *Mid-West Quarterly*, Vol. II, p. 30.

³ F. Moynihan, *Catholic World*, Vol. 107, p. 759.

⁴ "Art of Thomas Hardy," pp. 10—11.

One is impressed as one reviews these writings of Johnson by the singular modernity of his mind. Any one of the American disciples of Humanism, Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, or Seward Collins, for instance, could have written this penetrating paragraph :

In our day, many men of admirable powers love to think of themselves as alone in the world, homeless in the universe, without fathers, without mothers; heirs to no inheritance, to no tradition; bound by no law, and worshippers at no shrine; without meditation, without reverence, without patience, they utter and would have us hear their hasty and uncertain fancies. To what "lyrical cries" do they bid us listen; to what "psychological moments" do they invite our attention; these have no habitual nor constant principles of thought, no test nor standard of judgment; loose sentiment and lawless imagination are the signs to them of free and fearless genius. It is easy indeed for a man to be deep-versed in books and shallow in himself, crude or intoxicated; but that is not a common danger in these days; rather are the humble students of modern literature moved to exclaim with Dr. Johnson, "I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read."

For, indeed, as Lionel Johnson adds, and I am sure the modern Humanists would agree with him, in a shifting world of chaos one must have some standards for critical evaluation, and now as ever it is "in the old great masters and even in the excellent old writers of less importance that we have our test—a test of the widest application whereby to assay ourselves and others."

WALTER V. GAVIGAN.

THE "MIRACLE" OF ST. BERNADETTE'S CANDLE

THE incident which I propose to review in the pages which follow is familiar to every Catholic reader, and it may be said at the outset that I have little of my own to add to the materials which were collected some fifty-five years ago by Père L. J-M. Cros, S.J., the critical historian of the *événements de Lourdes*.¹ The matter was brought to my mind recently by a casual reference made to it in a valuable paper on "The Fire Walk," read by Mr. Ernest S. Thomas of the Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford, at a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research. In this, Mr. Thomas, a most careful investigator, had occasion to remark that he did not propose to deal with cases of alleged incombustibility occurring in hagiographical records, and he cited the episode of St. Bernadette and the candle as an instance in point. Further, it may be remembered that at Beauraing quite recently, a lighted match was applied to the hands of two of the child visionaries as a test of the degree of insensibility induced by the apparent trance. This took place during the apparition of December 8, 1932, and it is averred that the subjects of the experiment did not start, and that their hands, when subsequently examined, showed no traces of any burn. The matter has since given rise to a lively controversy. Dr. Lurquin, who, in one case, struck and held the match against the child's hand, declares that the flame was in contact with the flesh for about three seconds, and that it surprised him considerably afterwards to find no erythema (reddening) in the part affected. He does not, however, speak of incombustibility or miracle, as Dr. Maistriaux did, but he notes that another child whose hand he had similarly touched with a lighted match, thinking by mistake that she was one of the visionaries, had reacted at once, making vigorous protest.² The case is interesting, but in view of the criticism of Professor

¹ Père Cros's researches, though completed and prepared for the press in 1879, were not actually published until 1925, long after his own death. His book (in three volumes) is entitled "Histoire de Notre Dame de Lourdes d'après les Documents et les Témoins" (Paris, Beauchesne). The imprimatur is dated 1879. See also THE MONTH, August, 1926, pp. 135-148.

² See Père Bruno de Jésus Marie, "Les Faits mystérieux de Beauraing," p. 58, footnote.

de Greef and others, it is impossible to regard the match experiment at Beauraing as in any way convincing.¹

Let us turn, then, to the much better known prodigy which is alleged to have occurred at the Lourdes grotto on April 7, 1858. The incident now finds a place in every account of St. Bernadette or of the apparitions, but as Henri Lasserre's book "Notre Dame de Lourdes" for many years held the field, almost without a competitor, as the one authentic source of information, it is mainly responsible for current popular belief in all things connected with the shrine. In these pages, which have been read, literally by millions of people, in all parts of the world, the miracle of the candle is recounted as follows, in connexion with Easter Monday, 1858 :

On that day, before the wondering eyes of the crowd, an extraordinary episode occurred. The candle Bernadette had brought, or that somebody had given her, was a very big one, and she supported one end on the ground while she kept the other in position between the fingers of her two hands, which she held half-clasped together. Suddenly Our Lady appeared to her, and in an adoring impulse, at the sight of such peerless beauty, the child, as she fell into ecstasy, lifted her hands a little and unconsciously let them rest upon the lighted end of her taper. Thereupon the flame began to pass between her half-opened fingers and rise above them, flickering this way and that as the light breeze impelled it. Bernadette meanwhile remained motionless and absorbed in heavenly contemplation, without even being aware of the phenomenon which the crowd around beheld with stupefaction.

The onlookers thronged closer, elbowing each other to get a better view. Messrs. Jean Louis Fourcade, Martinou, Estrade, the woodman Callet, the two M^{es} Tard'hivail, and a hundred others, were witnesses of this unheard-of spectacle. M. Dozous, when the scene began, had taken out his watch. This extraordinary condition of things lasted rather more than a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly Bernadette's frame began to shiver slightly. Her features no longer wore a rapt expression. The vision had ceased, and the child had returned to her

¹ This also seems to be the conclusion of M. Fernand Servais, "La Vérité sur les Faits extraordinaires de Beauraing," pp. 125-131.

normal state. They looked at her hands, but these showed no trace of any injury. The flame had respected her flesh as long as the apparition of Our Lady held her spellbound in ecstasy. Not without reason the crowd shouted "Miracle." One of the spectators, however, determined to put this marvel to proof, got hold of the candle while it was still lighted, and without her knowledge, brought it in contact with Bernadette's hand. Drawing her hand quickly away, she cried out at once, "Oh ! Sir, you are burning me."¹

M. Lasserre, in his preface, makes much parade of the pains he had taken to consult documents and to examine every possible witness, though the investigation had cost him countless journeys backwards and forwards across France. It rather shakes one's confidence in these professions to discover that in the early editions of his book this apparition was wrongly dated. It was ascribed to Easter Monday, 1858, which was April 5th, but, as was afterwards pointed out to the author, it really took place on Easter Wednesday, April 7th. Also M. Lasserre introduces the name of M. Estrade as one of the eyewitnesses of the scene. Unfortunately, M. Estrade, in a book which he himself compiled in 1899 concerning the Lourdes Apparitions, tells us expressly that on this occasion neither he nor his sister were present.² None the less, Lasserre's book, equipped with a special brief of Pope Pius IX, which, in glowing terms thanks the author for a work which is the fruit of so much diligence and painstaking research (*accuratissimo studio*), has completely dominated the Lourdes tradition. In the great Panorama which is exhibited there (this scene of the miracle of the candle being described as "the 17th Apparition")³ Bernadette is depicted with a candle which must be nearly three feet high, her hands interlaced over the top, while the flame rises several inches above them. Among the spectators stands Dr. Dozous with his watch out, and beside him we are bidden to recognize portraits of M. Estrade and the then Mayor of Lourdes, M. Lacadé. There is, moreover, a stained-glass window in the basilica itself representing the same apparition.

¹ Lasserre, "Notre Dame de Lourdes," Book V, chap. iv; I have preferred to make my own translation of the passage. That of Father Sisk (1872) is far from being a literary *chef d'œuvre*. He tells us, for example, "Her hand was taken hold of, and nothing but what was usual was found on it."

² Estrade, "The Appearances of the B.V.M. at Lourdes" (Eng. Trans.), p. 133.

³ Père Cros calls it the eighteenth apparition.

tion, though with fewer figures. Bernadette kneels as before, her hands forming a sort of lamp-shade over the big taper, which has a huge flame like a flambeau. On the right we see Dr. Dozous, watch in hand, wearing a severely professional expression.¹ The curious thing is that Bernadette's rosary, which, as Père Cros points out, creates rather a serious difficulty in this matter of the holding of the candle, has here completely disappeared. At any rate, it is not to be seen in her hands, though the Panorama picture shows her apparently clasping the rosary against the candle.

Père Cros, though in general by no means inclined to rationalize or belittle the supernatural element in hagiography, seems to have been struck by several inaccuracies in Lasserre's treatment of this incident, and he has been at pains to accumulate evidence on the point. I may confess that I am inclined to think that in certain respects he has been somewhat over-critical. Comparing what he calls the four divergent accounts of the candle episode as given by the principal witness, Dr. Dozous, he finds in them many inconsistencies. But, after all, two of the four do not come to us directly from Dozous himself. They are the earliest, but we have no guarantee that they faithfully record all the Doctor said. Jacomet, the Commissary of Police, writing to Baron Massy, the Prefect of the Department, reports on April 10th (*i.e.*, three days after the apparition), that Dozous told him :

I was impressed, as by what seemed to me a supernatural occurrence, to see Bernadette, while kneeling in ecstasy before the grotto and holding a lighted candle, cover the flame with her two hands without apparently suffering in the least from their contact with the flame. I examined them myself. There was not a trace of burning.²

Jacomet reports that these were the Doctor's actual words, but, after all, he does not say that Dozous told him nothing more than this. There is no mention of the fifteen minutes measured by the watch, or of the test applied by the lighted candle afterwards, but this silence does not prove that these matters had not been mentioned in the conversation between

¹ I am indebted to my friend Miss Agnes Read for kindly verifying these facts, and supplying information. I may add that in Palmé's handsomely illustrated edition of Lasserre's book the scene is similarly depicted on pp. 219 and 224.

² Cros, Vol. I, p. 485.

them. Eighteen months afterwards, M. Azun de Bernétas visited Lourdes, and apparently obtained from the Doctor a similar statement, but with the additional circumstance that after the apparition Dozous himself took the candle from her before it was extinguished, and on applying it to her hand provoked an instant remonstrance. But here again there is no reference to timing by the watch.

Dozous's own account was given to the world in 1874, sixteen years after the event. Here we are told that Bernadette had her rosary in her left hand and held with her right the top of a big candle, the base of which rested on the ground. She was kneeling, but she began to move forward up the incline towards the grotto on her knees. In doing this she inadvertently put her left hand over the candle so that the flame passed through her half-opened fingers. The Doctor declares that he prevented anyone from interfering, took out his watch and observed the phenomenon for a quarter of an hour. Examining her left hand afterwards, he found no trace of burning, but for a further test he asked someone to relight the candle she had been using, and then he thrust it several times in succession under the same hand. She shrank away at once, he tells us, saying, "You are burning me."¹

In conversation with Père Cros, it seems that Dozous reiterated this statement, repeating that she held the top of the candle in her right hand, the rosary in her left, and that she brought the left hand nearer to the right in such a way that she held it over the flame. Lasserre, he expressly mentioned, was wrong in saying that both hands covered the lighted end.

I must own that it does not seem to me that there is any serious inconsistency between the utterances attributed to Dr. Dozous, and it is admitted that though sceptical hitherto, he attributed his acceptance of the supernatural character of the visions to this experience. On the other hand, there is a good deal of evidence which suggests that Dozous was a rather self-opinionated person who liked to be in the lime-light, and that his contemporaries at Lourdes were not disposed to take him very seriously. It is noteworthy that when, more than a week earlier than the apparition of which we are speaking, three doctors were appointed to examine Bernadette and to report upon her mental condition, Dr. Dozous, though

¹ "Je plaçai, plusieurs fois de suite, la flamme du cierge sous la main gauche de Bernadette, qui l'en éloigna bien vite, en me disant: 'Vous me brûlez.'" Dozous, "La Grotte de Lourdes," 1874, p. 56.

he was known to have taken an interest in the matter and to have been present more than once at the Grotto, was not one of those chosen for the purpose. The Abbé Pène, who, in 1858, was Vicaire at Lourdes, and whom Père Cros frequently cites as a man of exceptionally sober judgment, expressed no very high opinion of this physician's intelligence or of the repute in which he was held. Similarly the Père Sempé, afterwards Superior of the Missionaries of Lourdes, and himself intimately associated with the early developments of the shrine, made no secret of the fact that Mgr. Laurence, the Bishop of Tarbes, openly made fun of the Doctor's wonderful stories. Yet it was Mgr. Laurence who, in 1862, issued the *mandement* attesting the supernatural character of the Lourdes apparitions.¹ In this *mandement* there is no mention made of the alleged miracle of the candle. Neither did the Abbé Fourcade, the bishop's secretary, refer to the matter in the narrative of these events which he compiled at a later date. If Père Cros be thought to show prejudice against Dozous, this prejudice seems to have been founded upon the impression derived from the examination of a very large number of witnesses. It is, presumably, from these interrogatories that he satisfied himself that Bernadette was accustomed to hold her candle in her left hand and to use the right for passing the beads of her rosary. One ought not, perhaps, to lay too much stress on Sajoux's statement that Bernadette's candle was a little taper costing twenty sous, but if this was the type she was commonly seen with, one would expect the fact that on one particular occasion she appeared with a candle some three feet high to be particularly remembered. Yet, unless we suppose that Père Cros doctored his evidence, no one but Dozous seems to have remarked this. Again, Mlle. Tard'hivail, though cited as a witness by M. Lasserre, contradicts the Doctor's statement that after the ecstasy was over he thrust the lighted candle under Bernadette's hands several times in succession. She declares that that evening some of them persuaded Bernadette to hold her clasped hands over a *bougie* (surely a bedroom candle) and that when the flame reached them she cried out it was burning her.² What does seem to be true is that at the grotto when some little breeze was blowing, Bernadette, holding the candle in her left hand and her rosary in her right, would now and again

¹ See Cros, Vol. I, p. 493 and notes.

² Cros, Vol. I, pp. 491-492.

put her right hand close to the flame to protect it from the wind. This she might do instinctively even in an ecstasy. In such circumstances it often seemed to the onlookers that the candle must be burning her. We have evidence from Mlle. Estrade and several more, that the flame did at times, and not merely on April 7th, seem to be passing between her fingers. The crowd was full of sympathy and apprehension, but at the same time eager to magnify any unwonted incident into a miracle. Beyond doubt Bernadette in her normal state would have felt the fire and withdrawn her hand, but being in ecstasy she was insensible to pain. As for the skin showing no signs of injury, we have only Dr. Dozous's word for that, and it must be remembered that the child was accustomed to all sorts of rough work. Moreover, the flickering of a candle in a gust of wind would not at once leave traces upon the epidermis of hands very different in texture from those which are delicately manicured. Père Cros's investigations place it beyond question that many level-headed people in Lourdes had no belief in this alleged miracle of incombustibility, even though he lets us see that a certain number were persuaded that they had witnessed the marvel of the flame passing between the child's half-opened fingers.

It is here that St. Bernadette's own testimony becomes of importance. Of course, she may have been, and probably was, entirely unconscious of what went on in her trance, but when the trance was over one would expect her to remember the incident of the candle being applied to her hand, as Dozous describes it, or the experiment with the *bougie* of which Mlle. Tard'hivail informs us. Indeed, it would seem that quite at the end of her life Bernadette did remember the Doctor's coming to the wretched hovel where she lived with her parents, rue des Petits-Fossés, in order to examine her hands. We are told, however, that she denied that Dozous ever applied a lighted candle to her hand at the grotto. She said with a bright smile to Père Cros, in 1878: "But it isn't true. M. Dozous is a story-teller."¹

Père Cros, however, may be under suspicion of making out a case to support a personal prejudice against the Doctor. Consequently it is important to note that as early as the spring of 1859 Bernadette seems to have spoken very positively to two English non-Catholic visitors who were passing through Lourdes. The evidence, in view of the source from

¹ Cros, Vol. I, p. 488 and note.

which it is derived, is quite unexceptionable, and is recorded in a diary kept by one of the two. The passage runs as follows¹ :

We questioned her closely as to the truth of several curious stories in connexion with her which were currently believed in the town—such, for example, as that when she was one day on her knees in the grotto, and several others with her, all engaged in their devotions, the latter, as they rose, found their garments much soiled by the moist earth, whereas not a speck could be seen on hers. Again, she once completely surrounded with her hands the flame of a wax taper she was in the habit of burning at her midnight [!] visits to the grotto, and held them there for half an hour or more, without their being in the least singed. At another time her taper broke; the Virgin bid her put her finger to her tongue and pass it once across the broken part; this she did and the taper was made whole again directly. So pleasant to the soul is mystery, that it was somewhat disappointing to hear her solemnly deny the truth of all these pretty fables.

I do not think that there exists any other evidence which Père Cros has overlooked. It seems to be beyond question that St. Bernadette, when rapt out of herself in contemplation of the apparition, was insensible to pain. A very sober and intelligent witness, Mlle. Lacrampe, informed him that she had seen a mischievous girl on one occasion at the grotto run a big black-headed pin into Bernadette's shoulder during a vision, without her noticing it. This girl, at the time Père Cros wrote, was a Sister of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and she herself, when applied to, confirmed the truth of what Mlle. Lacrampe had stated. It should be added that Père Cros does not pretend to pass a final judgment on the alleged miracle. He is content to commend the prudence of Mgr. Laurence and the episcopal Commission who, after a full examination, decided that the incident of the candle was an insignificant matter which it was better to leave in obscurity. The vogue, however, which has been given to it by Lasserre and his many imitators, has won the day, and in the Bull of Canonization of St. Bernadette, among other "wonderful

¹ I have quoted the whole account previously in these pages. See THE MONTH, June, 1924, pp. 526—535.

things" (*alia mira*) which happened at the grotto, it is stated that "a lighted candle inflicted no hurt upon the child's fingers." This, in any case, is true, and the Bull does not pronounce it to be a supernatural occurrence.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Date et Dabitur

IN youth o'er uncongenial themes
How oft I span attractive dreams
Of all that I would do and be
In a roseate futurity.

To wield the pen, the brush, the sword,
The orator's compelling word—
Explorer—statesman—link my name
To a resounding world-wide fame !

But in secret chambers of the heart,
In silence, God prepared His part.
How could His urging coincide
With my ambition's earthly pride?

So, at a touch, came tumbling in
Like a house of cards, all I hoped to win;
Each bubble honour, one by one,
Broke—shattered on the altar-stone !

Then seemed my day at dawn to set—
My Spring to wither in regret—
The epic of my life to be
Distorted into tragedy.

Now, as each morn I lean above
The awful mystery of Love,
When at my voice the Host Divine
Takes Flesh, for me, from bread and wine—

I know no dream could e'en compare
With this Reality I dare;
Youth's hopes, in suffering eclipse,
Have wrought this crowned apocalypse.

Could I regain the past, to weave
The olden fancies and achieve
The wished-for goal, 'twould higher rate
As so much more to immolate !

L. QUARLES.

THE DRAMATIC ART OF PAUL CLAUDEL

PAUL CLAUDEL has somewhere written that his conception was greatly influenced by the reading of the "Pensées" of Pascal and the "Élévations et Méditations" of Bossuet. It would be interesting to imagine how these eminent men might regard the dramatic productions of their neophyte. Pascal says that, among all the amusements dangerous to the Christian life, there is none more to be feared than the theatre. Bossuet is much more damning. In his "Maximes et Réflexions sur la Comédie," he would go so far as to say that of its own nature the theatre is immoral. No one to-day will agree with these judgments. No doubt, in point of fact, the theatre is only too often dangerous and immoral; but in theory it need not be so. And Claudel not only affords a striking refutation of his countrymen's words, but also an excellent example of how the theatre can have a great moral value.

Before judging any drama, one must try to discover the artist's own conception of his art, as a means of elucidating his work, and dispelling misunderstandings of his real object. Especially is this necessary with Claudel, the merit of whose productions has been subject to the most diverse opinions, many of them unfavourable. These are due, I may venture to say, to the fact that many critics have not seen how his theatre is raised to a higher plane than that of ordinary playwrights.

What, then, is Claudel's conception of the dramatic art? I think the correct interpretation may be found in his "Discourse to the Catholic Actors of New York."¹ There Claudel speaks of that supreme question which, differing perhaps in its form, comes upon every man at some time in his life. To some it will be "that which the world about us, which daily circumstances, as well as metaphysical anguish or the brutal interventions of destiny or of passion unceasingly put to us: 'Adam, where art thou?'" To others it may be, "that which Our Lord addressed to the first Pope on the road to Cæsarea Philippi: 'What thinkest thou of the Son of Man?'" To

¹ "Ways and Crossways." Sheed & Ward. 1933.

this tremendous question, with all its implications, each one must give his own conscientious reply. It will be a critical decision, for it implies an answer which must be *lived*. And so with the dramatist, who has answered as did Peter to Our Lord, *décisively*, effectively. His must be a Christian role. He is not, indeed, asked to convert the stage into a pulpit. So long as his art is in harmony with the moral law, he may pursue his calling in all freedom. But with the Catholic dramatist that is not all. He can, if he will, be content to give what the naturalistic novelists termed "a slice of life," which is, in fact, the substance of most productions. Or he may go further, and endeavour as far as his art allows, to represent life as a whole, life in touch with all its realities, both visible and invisible.

It is this last that Claudel has chosen. This choice constitutes what may be called the superiority of his dramatic work. As he has written: "The order of mechanical and mathematical correlations, or more generally, the order of fixed laws and causes, governs reality only superficially. . . It is the screen behind which goes on the real drama of the world, given to an unceasing fresh vitality and re-birth every instant of time." The real drama is set by unseen forces. In a word, the supernatural pervades the events of this life. That is why God is dominant in Claudel's plays. He it is who orders all things to their end, and leads the characters to their destiny. And as God's ways are best understood, as far as we can know them, through the medium of His Church, it is the Catholic doctrine which forms the inspiration of these plays.

With this in mind, let us consider the "Annonce faite à Marie." I chose this particular drama for two reasons, one intrinsic, the other extrinsic. First, because it holds a culminating position in the evolution of the Claudelian drama, and is judged by many critics to represent all that is best in Claudel. It marks the period at which the author's psychology succeeded in emerging untrammelled by his vast synthetic conception of man's place in the universe. Up to the time of its composition his character-study had suffered in consequence of the very magnitude of the theme. In the "Annonce" he has overcome the difficulty, and his characters are admirably portrayed. Secondly, and this is my principal reason in writing, because an English version of the drama was excellently produced, early this year, in London by the

Catholic Stage Guild, but it does not seem to have been understood in its full significance by certain Catholic critics. This is a great pity; for it may truly be said that only a Catholic can fully appreciate Claudel's theatre.

To understand the "Annonce faite à Marie," one must know and have experienced what a Catholic means when he speaks of the interior life and the supernatural; one must know the Catholic doctrine of Charity, of the sanctifying effects of self-sacrifice or the love of Jesus Christ. And to appreciate the play, one must get the right point of view, the supernatural one. In this light, it is Violaine who stands out as the central figure in whose soul there is going on a contest between earthly and heavenly forces, a contest in which the heavenly forces win. This it is which gives unity to the action. Thus the plot develops as follows. Violaine, elder daughter of Anne [the name is masculine] Vercors, has been plighted by her father, on the eve of his departure to the Holy Land, to Jacques Hurry. Mara, the younger daughter, also loves Jacques, and wishes above all to inherit the farm of Combernon. She contrives to supplant her sister by accusing her of infidelity. Indeed, Violaine, who has been passionately, almost brutally, loved by Pierre de Craon, had gently refused his advances; yet, learning that he has become a leper, out of pity she gives him a kiss. Mara, who has seen this denounces her, but is not believed by Jacques until he finds that Violaine has contracted leprosy from Pierre. Jacques, full of zeal for justice, then believes Mara, curses Violaine, who submits without a word, and takes her to the Geyn, a horrible locality for lepers. After eight years, during which time Violaine has greatly advanced in sanctity, Mara, having married Jacques, loses her only child. She takes the little corpse to the Geyn to be restored to life by Violaine.

Violaine: "Est-ce qu'il est en mon pouvoir de ressusciter les morts?"

Mara: "Je ne sais, je n'ai qu'à toi à qui je puis avoir recours."

And on Christmas night, whilst the Angels are singing: "Hodie nobis de coelo pax vera descendit, hodie per totum mundum melliflui facti sunt coeli," the child in Violaine's arms is restored to life. Yet even this supreme act of charity does not lessen Mara's hatred; and, one night, setting a trap for her sister, she mortally wounds her. The dying Violaine

is carried by Jacques to the farm and with her last breath convinces her former lover of her innocence, and bids him, whilst remaining faithful to his wife and child in this world, to rest united with her soul in heaven.

The spirit of immolation, ever dominant in Violaine, weaves the action into one whole. It shows itself first in her pity, when she consoles, with an innocent kiss, Pierre de Craon, taking upon herself his leprosy. Then she yields without resistance to the jealousy of Mara. Finally, when a recluse, she intercedes for the life of the child of the one who had betrayed her. And it is this key-note which, above all, brings out the profound spirituality of the play. In Violaine is embodied the doctrine of reparation. Every Christian is an *alter Christus*, called upon to share in the work of the Redemption. And as the Divine Victim made reparation by suffering, so the Christian must "fill up those things that are wanting in the Passion of Christ." Violaine is a reparatory victim. Her father had recognized some sign of it in his child, and Pierre knew what it was :

Anne : "Je voyais dans ses yeux, parmi les fleurs de ce printemps, s'en lever une inconnue."

Pierre : "La vocation de la mort comme un lys solennel."

The simple Jacques Hury could not make out what it meant when Violaine came to him by the fountain dressed in the habit of the cloistered nuns : "le costume qu'elles portent au chœur, quelque chose du prêtre, elles-mêmes hosties." Only at the end does he understand—"Dieu ne me l'aurait pas prise, si elle avait été remplie de moi toute entière, ne laissant aucune place vide, la part de Dieu, comme l'appellent les bonnes femmes." But Violaine had recognized her vocation when the leprosy took hold of her. She had contracted the disease when she had given proof of her forgiveness of Pierre's violence. She was not destined for Jacques, but for another Lover. As her suffering increases, so does her conviction of its reparative efficacy. Here are some of her sayings to her sister :

Et si tu passais une seule nuit dans ma peau, tu ne dirais pas que ce feu n'a pas de chaleur.

Le mâle est prêtre, mais il n'est défendu à la femme d'être victime.

Dieu est avare, et ne permet qu'aucune créature soit allumée, sans qu'un peu d'impureté s'y consume.

C'est pourquoi voici mon corps en travail à la place de la chrétienté qui se dissout.

Puissante est la souffrance quand elle est aussi volontaire que le péché.

The supernatural pervades the whole play. We feel that it is God alone who is leading on Violaine in her spiritual ascent until, after years in the leper enclosure, that school of sanctity, her intercession is powerful enough to bring back the dead. When her soul has taken its flight we feel that virtue still pours out from her. The king and the Pope have been restored to France and the world; Anne Vercors, though now bereft of wife and child, can say: "une joie inexplicable est en moi"; Pierre de Craon who has long been cured of his leprosy, feels a yet more profound joy and exclaims: "Que je vive ainsi! Que je grandisse, ainsi mélangé à mon Dieu, comme la vigne et l'olivier"; the eyes of Jacques Hury are opened on to more spiritual visions, and Mara is converted. Again the play is instinct with spiritual symbolism. The time of the action—dawn, midday and evening; the scenes—amid flowers in the shade of the old abbey; the people—the patriarchal Anne Vercors, the church-builder, Pierre de Craon, the earthy Jacques, the sinful Mara and the "douce, douce Violaine," are all full of deep significance.

Viewed in this light, then, we may say that it is its very "Catholicity" which both explains and refutes the criticisms passed upon the "Annonce faite à Marie." One Catholic was inclined to find it turbid, and tending to make Catholic beliefs equivocal to the uninitiated, and finally, somewhat depressing. Our analysis, it is hoped, has dispelled the turbidity. The ambiguity will arise only in those who have not attained the right point of view. As for being depressing, it certainly is, apart from its true atmosphere—just as is human nature or the Christian religion itself, when envisaged from a merely human standpoint. But then that is the wrong attitude. Grace is a reality as undoubted as are our miseries, and by grace the pessimism of this life is converted into the optimism of a life that is higher and more enduring. The "Annonce faite à Marie" is, in fact, consoling, in the sense in which the story of Christ Himself is, whose triumphant failure brought consolation to us all. And M. Paul Claudel, in this play, has shown how a masterpiece of art can be a superb manifestation of the Christian life.

F. SOMERVILLE.

THE HUMANITY OF OUR LORD

THE central fact of the mystery of the Incarnation is that the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity assumed a true human nature. The major implication of that fact, namely, that the two natures, divine and human, were united in one divine Person, has always been taught as an essential truth of Christianity by the Catholic Church: Jesus Christ, one divine Person, is both truly God and truly man. It is of the nature of such a mystery to be obscure to our very limited human intelligence; and it is of the nature of fallen man often to be irritated by that obscurity, and to be petulant in his attempts to penetrate it.

During the first four centuries of the Christian era, quite a number of heretical sects denied that Jesus Christ was a real man. The basis of that denial most often seemed to be the contention that the human body was vile, and that, therefore, Christ could not possibly have assumed a real humanity, but only some illusory semblance of a human body.

The Catholic teaching opposed to this error is very clear. Our Lord Himself testified in speech to the reality of His human nature. In one of many instances, He said to the Jews: "Now you seek to kill me, a man who has spoken the truth to you."¹ He bore even more convincing testimony to the reality of His human nature by His actual life and death. The Gospel narratives demonstrate the humanity of Christ as plainly as they demonstrate His divinity. St. Paul, in his letters, repeatedly emphasizes the reality of Our Lord's human nature. "It behoved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren, that He might become a merciful and faithful high priest before God, that He might be a propitiation for the sins of the people. For in that, wherein He Himself hath suffered and been tempted, He is able to succour them also that are tempted."² "For we have not a high priest, who cannot have compassion on our infirmities: but one tempted in all things like as we are, without sin."³

As soon as this heresy of Docetism arose, it was vigorously combated by those guardians of Tradition, the Fathers, be-

¹ John viii, 40.

² Hebrews iv, 15.

³ Hebrews ii, 17, 18 (Douai Version).

ginning with St. Ignatius of Antioch.¹ It was more than once condemned by the Church, as in the Second Council of Lyons,² and in the Council of Florence.³ But even when the doctrine of Christ's real human nature had been established, there remained many problems of detail, many minor mysteries. These have been discussed in his usual masterly fashion by St. Thomas Aquinas in his treatise on the Incarnation. It may be of interest and profit to consider briefly some of his teachings, especially those concerned with Our Lord's knowledge and His complete fellowship with other men in His emotional experiences.

With regard to the knowledge possessed by Jesus Christ, the Catholic Church has not had occasion to utter dogmatic definitions, such as she has uttered about His will.⁴ Hence, we are left, in this particular, to the scientific reasonings of theologians. The theologians are by no means unanimous in their opinions; but, in view of their dissensions, we shall be all the more safe in following the teachings of St. Thomas.

St. Thomas, in qq. ix, x, xi, xii, of the treatise on the Incarnation, teaches that Christ had three sorts of knowledge: 1. that derived from the Beatific Vision; 2. a divinely infused or imprinted knowledge; and 3. an empiric or acquired knowledge. We must frankly admit that we do not know how to reconcile in the mind of Our Lord these three sorts of knowledge. They constitute one of the countless mysteries involved in the Incarnation. The significant teaching of St. Thomas, however, is that the possession of the two higher and more complete modes of knowledge did not interfere with Our Lord's real likeness to us in His acquired knowledge. St. Thomas bases his assertion that Christ had this acquired knowledge upon the principle that "nothing that God planted in our nature was wanting to the human nature assumed by the Word of God."⁵

Although this acquired knowledge was very extensive, it was, of course, finite, and therefore, limited. We cannot set its limits; we can only say that it must have been completely adequate to Our Lord's needs, and to the divine plan regard-

¹ Cf. "Epist. ad Smyrnaeos," c. ii, in W. Jacobson, "Patres Apostolici," 3rd edition, Vol. II, pp. 432-435. Oxford, 1847.

² Denzinger-Bannwart, "Enchiridion," 12th edition, n. 462. Freiburg, 1913.

³ *Ibid.*, n. 710.

⁴ See, for instance, the decrees of the Lateran Council of 649 (Denzinger-Bannwart, *op. cit.*, nn. 262-265), and of the Roman Council of 680 (*Ibid.*, n. 288).

⁵ "Summa Theologica," III, q. 9, art. 4; in the translation by the English Dominicans, Vol. XV, p. 153. London, 1913.

ing Him. It is most likely that Our Lord was referring to that limitation of knowledge when He said that He did not know the time of the general judgment.¹ Yet, whatever the perfection of that acquired knowledge, the point is that it was really acquired. St. Thomas says : "By this knowledge Christ did not know everything from the beginning, but step by step, and after a time."² And he finds this opinion upon the teaching of St. Luke, that Jesus "increased in knowledge and age together."³ De Lugo, following St. Thomas in this, goes so far as to say : "Christ, like other men, ordinarily had no human activity except through the natural physiological and psychological processes."⁴ Indeed, the statement seems the most primary logical conclusion from the dogmatic certainty that Jesus was really a man. Hence it is that Our Lord's human use of even His supernatural knowledge would seem to be conditioned by the development of His nervous, muscular, and glandular systems through infancy and childhood to manhood. Hence, also, it is that He would infer from the speech and actions of His Apostles, or His enemies, or other men, facts about their characters, their plans, and the like, which His human intellect already knew by a higher knowledge than that gained by observation and reasoning.

Great as is the obscurity about Our Lord's human knowledge, there is still greater difficulty in determining the exact character of His emotional experience. Part of the difficulty comes from the distressingly obvious fact that we have not, as psychologists, yet attained to any adequate scientific knowledge of those vague but powerful human impulses to conduct, which we variously call emotions, instincts, appetites, passions, feelings. Since we cannot even classify these satisfactorily, much less explain their manner of functioning, it is small wonder that we are extremely puzzled to account for their character, limits, and functions in the human nature of Jesus Christ.

That Our Lord did have these impulsive experiences, is abundantly evident from the Gospel narratives. "He was

¹ Matthew xxiv, 36; Mark xiii, 32.

² Dominican translation of "Summa Theol.", Vol. XV, p. 180. See also Arendzen, "Men and Manners in the Days of Christ," p. 27. London, 1928.

³ "Summa Theol.", *ibid.* See Luke ii, 52.

⁴ "Christus non habuit regulariter ullam operationem humanam, nisi dependenter ab organis, et dispositionibus connaturalibus, sicut alii homines . . ." J. de Lugo, "De Mysterio Incarnationis," Disp. xxi, sect. 1, n. 4; in Paris edition, 1868, Vol. II, p. 655. Franzelin agrees with de Lugo (who in turn had cited Vasquez and other theologians), and calls his opinion "valde probabilis." "De Verbo Incarnato," sect. iii, cap. ii, th. 42.

hungry"¹; on the Cross, He said, "I thirst"²; He was "weariest with His journey"³; at the grave of Lazarus, "He groaned in the spirit, and troubled Himself . . . and wept"⁴; twice He got angry with the hucksters in the Temple⁵; "looking on" the good young man, "He loved him"⁶; He was "glad"⁷ and "sorrowful"⁸; He "marvelled"⁹; in Gethsemani, "He began to fear and to be heavy"¹⁰; and just before His death, He cried out in utter desolation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"¹¹

The Fathers of the Church also, with the somewhat disputed exception of St. Hilary, taught that Our Lord shared with us the essential human reactions of emotion, appetite, feeling. St. Hilary, it would seem, was led away from the clear understanding of the Gospel teaching in this regard by a sentimental attitude which is to be met with amongst some Catholics in almost every age of the Church: a feeling of such extreme reverence for the divine Person of Jesus Christ as to make one shrink from attributing to Him the humiliating experiences of our common humanity.¹² In some of the instances where it occurs, this feeling is also unwittingly, and, therefore, innocently, tainted by Gnostic disgust and contempt for the human body.

The Councils of Ephesus¹³ and Florence¹⁴ defined that Our Lord "truly suffered in the flesh, truly died." Mgr. Pohle adds that "although these and other ecclesiastical definitions professedly deal only with our Saviour's liability to suffering and death, they plainly include, at least by implication, the psychical affections which are the common lot of all men."¹⁵ St. Thomas is most explicit in teaching that "these . . . affections of the sensitive appetite . . . were in Christ, even as all else pertaining to man's nature."¹⁶ Pohle finally concludes that "the Scriptural and Patristic texts already given leave no doubt that Christ actually assumed the ordinary defects and affections of human nature."¹⁷

¹ Matthew iv, 2.

² John xix, 28.

³ John iv, 6.

⁴ John xi, 33, 35.

⁵ John ii, 15; Matthew xxi, 12.

⁶ Matthew xxvi, 37, 38.

⁶ Mark x, 21.

⁷ John xi, 15.

⁸ Mark xv, 34.

⁹ Matthew viii, 10.

¹⁰ Mark xiv, 33.

¹¹ Mark xv, 34.

¹² For a summary account of St. Hilary's position, see Bardenhewer-Shahan, "Patrology," pp. 408-410. Freiburg, 1908. The more important statements of the Saint are found in his treatise "De Trinitate," lib. x, nn. 18, 23, 35 (in Migne's "Patres Latini," Vol. X, coll. 357, 361, 362, 371, ed. Paris, 1848).

¹³ Cf. Denzinger-Bannwart, "Enchiridion," 12th ed., n. 124. Freiburg, 1913.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, n. 708.

¹⁵ "Christology," Eng. trans., by A. Preuss, p. 74. St. Louis, 1822.

¹⁶ "Summa Theologica," III, q. xv, art. 4; in the Dominican translation, Vol. XV, p. 212.

¹⁷ "Christology," p. 82.

Pohle's phrase, "ordinary defects and affections of human nature," points to St. Thomas's distinction¹ between defects and affections which are due to particular causes ("such as leprosy, epilepsy, and the like: and these defects are sometimes brought about by the fault of man, e.g., from inordinate eating; sometimes by a defect in the formative power"), and "defects to be found amongst all men in common, by reason of the sin of our first parent, as death, hunger, thirst, and the like." Jesus Christ did not assume the first sort of defects; but He did assume the second. In detail, St. Thomas specifically teaches that in Christ there was pain, sorrow, fear, wonder, and anger.²

As to the manner in which these affective activities functioned in Our Lord, revealed truth tells us nothing. Further, as has been said above, all human discussion of the question is handicapped by our ignorance of these functions in general. St. Thomas, and, following him, most other theologians, venture at most to set down certain limits beyond which Christ was not, because He could not be, subject to these "affections or passions." Thus, these "passions" could not cause Christ to sin.³ Nor were they, in Him, disorderly in their tendency, as they are in other men.⁴ Hence He had a mastery over His impulses at all times. St. Thomas attributes this mastery over His impulses to Our Lord's "perfection of knowledge and grace."⁵ Our Lord's impulses were both real and spontaneous; but they never caught His reason unprepared with ready knowledge or His will unfortified by perfect virtue.⁶ There is a hint there toward solving the apparent paradox of "passions" that are at once spontaneous and controlled: the hint of "the perfect law of liberty."⁷ But because of our own ignorance, it is difficult for us to follow the hint.

What is important for us is that we should not interpret Our Lord's self-mastery into a denial of the reality and genuineness of His human affections. That would be to fall again into the difficulty of St. Hilary of Poitiers. On this point, St. Ambrose utters a blunt warning when he writes: "Valde eos errare res indicat qui carnem hominis a Christo

¹ "Summa Theologica," III, q. xiv, art. 4; in the Dominican translation, Vol. XV, p. 202.

² *Ibid.*, q. xv, art. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; in the Dominican translation, Vol. XV, pp. 213-221.

³ "Summa Theologica," III, q. xv, art. 1; in the Dominican translation, Vol. XV, p. 204.

⁴ *Ibid.*, q. xv, art. 2; in the Dominican translation, Vol. XV, p. 207.

⁵ *Ibid.*, q. xiv, art. 4; in the Dominican translation, Vol. XV, p. 203.

aiunt esse susceptam, affectum negant . . . qui hominem **ex** homine tollunt, quum homo sine affectu hominis esse non possit."¹ Nor should we confuse Our Lord's mastery of His impulses with mere feebleness of the impulses themselves. That He perfectly observed the Scriptural injunction to "be angry and sin not," does not at all mean that His anger with the hucksters in the Temple was not vigorous as well as genuine. The Agony in the Garden shows us a victory over emotional impulses won only after a terrific struggle. Even amongst ordinary men, self-mastery does not mean mollycoddleism.

One last point may be considered, as touching another limitation which Our Lord voluntarily accepted when He assumed our human nature. It concerns the part played by Our Lord's human nature in His miracles. It is quite obvious that His miracles must be attributed to Him as one Person, the God-Man. But since in that undivided and indivisible Person there are two principles of action, it is proper to inquire whether or not the human principle of action was the cause of His miracles. Our Lord's human nature could be the moral cause and even the instrumental cause of His miracles; just as the saints are moral and often instrumental causes in the working of miracles done by God's power. But St. Thomas denies that the human nature of Christ was the physical cause of His miracles.²

Our Lord became man, not only to redeem us, but to share our lives and to make His own life a revelation of how we should live. Despite the infinite distance between Him and us, He so loved us that He willingly made our limitations His own, and trod the same hard way through life that we tread, like to us in all things, except our sinning. In His human nature, He became our companion, as well as our Lord and King.

W. KANE.

¹ In *Psalmum LXI*, n. 5.

² "Summa Theologica," III, q. xiii, art. 2; in the Dominican translation, Vol. XV, p. 188. This would seem to be supported by the dogmatic decree of Pope St. Leo I against Eutyches, A.D. 449, in which it is declared of the two natures in Christ: "Unum horum coruscat miraculis, aliud succumbit injuriis." (Cf. Denzinger-Bannwart, "Enchiridion," n. 144.)

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

JAMES WARREN DOYLE, 1834—1934.

UNDER the signature of "J.K.L." the Right Rev. Dr. James Warren Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, materially helped, by his polemical writings, to bring about Catholic Emancipation. The present year marks the centenary of his comparatively early death when only forty-seven years of age.

The initials "J.K.L." represented his Christian name and episcopal title, namely, "James Kildare Leighlin." Everybody in the early part of last century—friend and foe alike—read whatever "J.K.L." wrote, and a non-Catholic history¹ pronounces him "unquestionably the most accomplished polemical writer of his time," and goes on to say that

the influence exerted by his writings and his character it is difficult to over-estimate. There is no doubt that it was Dr. Doyle's pen, far more than O'Connell's tongue, that brought round the educated minds of Great Britain to see the justice of Catholic emancipation. For power of argument and eloquence, for profound learning and a lofty moral tone, his productions have never been approached by any of his brethren in Ireland.

He was born at New Ross, County Wexford, in September, 1786, shortly after the death of his father, James Doyle, who was a farmer in somewhat reduced circumstances. His mother was his father's second wife and named Ann Warren.² She belonged to Loughnageera, and came of Quaker extraction, but had become a Catholic prior to her marriage, and her dearest wish was that her son should become a priest. Aware, no doubt, of her aspiration, an old "travelling woman," who once called at the house, wrote with a piece of chalk "on the bellows" that the boy would become a bishop and an ornament to the Church.

His early schooling was due to his mother, but, in those troubled years, it cannot have been very thorough. When he was eleven he witnessed, and nearly perished in, the fiercely-contested siege of his native town, New Ross, on June 5, 1798, by the peasantry in the famous uprising of that year. The insurgents penetrated into the heart of the town three separate times, and were only finally driven out after a most stubborn engagement of more than

¹ "Cassell's Illustrated History of England," Vol. VII, p. 146.

² Hence the bishop's second name.

ten hours. When things became more settled the future bishop was sent to a school for Protestant and Catholic children, conducted by a Mr. Grace, near Rathgarogue. In 1800, however, Father John Crane, of the Augustinian Order, opened a College at New Ross, and Mrs. Doyle at once transferred her son to it. In the year after her death, in 1804, the boy joined the Augustinians, and began his noviceship at the Convent of Grantstown, near Carnsore Point, the extreme south-east corner of Ireland. Admitted to his profession in January, 1806, he was sent to the Augustinian College de Graca, at Coimbra, to pursue his University studies.

In the University library he met, for the first time, the brilliant but sceptical writings of Voltaire which, notwithstanding his own immature development, he resolved to study and refute. Happily he drew from the godless humanitarian only a deeper sympathy with woes which only religion could really alleviate, and from that day he became a champion of the poor and the oppressed, one of the first Catholic Social Reformers.

Napoleon I invaded Portugal in 1807, and the young student joined the citizen defence-force. Later, on the arrival of the British, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, he volunteered to act as interpreter, in which capacity he accompanied the British High Commissioner, Colonel Murray, to Lisbon, after the defeat of the French at Vimeiro, in 1808, to help draw up the treaty known as the Convention of Cintra. During the negotiations he rendered such valuable diplomatic service that the Portuguese Government offered him a high position in its service. But, already employed in a higher, in the interests of which he was summoned back to Ireland, he naturally declined the honour, and, at home, was advanced to the priesthood on October 1, 1809.

His first appointment was to the professorship of Logic at his old *Alma Mater*, New Ross Augustinian College, where he remained until 1813, when he was translated to Carlow College, to occupy in turn the Chairs of Rhetoric, Humanities, and Theology. Mr. Gordon Goodwin, author of the account of him in the "Dictionary of National Biography," states that "the success of his inaugural oration rendered him at once the most popular Professor in the house, and the college itself famous throughout Ireland"; and one of his pupils subsequently wrote that "there was a tone of authority in his voice which at once arrested attention and imposed something like awe."

The joint See of Kildare and Leighlin fell vacant early in 1819, and such was the reputation of the young Professor of thirty-three that Dr. Doyle was the unanimous choice of the clergy as "dignissimus." His consecration took place on November 14, 1819, at Carlow. He entered on his new duties vigorously, at once proceeding to establish a school in every parish, to build churches,

and form confraternities, temperance societies, and even parish libraries. He inveighed vehemently against the secret societies which, born of the injustice of alien landlordism, were then so rife, Whiteboyism and Ribbonism, personally visiting the districts which were most disturbed. "It was no unusual sight," says his biographer, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick,¹ "to see the bishop, with crozier grasped, standing on the side of a steep hill, addressing and converting vast crowds of the disaffected people." Great as were his services to the cause of Emancipation, it may be claimed that what he did to restore the normal discipline of Catholic life, clerical and lay, was an even greater exploit.

On October 24, 1822, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Magee, in his first Visitation, delivered a savage attack upon Catholics, which was only "common form" amongst the "Ascendancy" clerics of the time and had hitherto been tamely borne by Catholics, lest resentment should create worse treatment. But with the election of Dr. Doyle a different spirit had entered into the hierarchy. "J.K.L." wrote a trenchant reply, and Ireland stood amazed to see Ascendancy flouted and routed by the despised Papists. It was then that the last and most vehement stage of the struggle for Catholic Emancipation was being started by O'Connell, who had to change, both in the oppressor and in the oppressed, the mentality of two and a half centuries. The genius of the young bishop, when even his episcopal brethren were all for caution, brought invaluable aid to the cause. He followed up the controversy with Magee in the early part of the next year by publishing a pamphlet entitled "A Vindication of the Religious and Civil Principles of the Irish Catholics," which proved a most powerful indictment of the Protestant Established Church and an extremely able plea for the removal of the Catholic disabilities. "The clearness of style, the skilful marshalling of facts, the wide range of knowledge, astonished all," says Father E. A. D'Alton, M.R.I.A., in the Catholic Encyclopaedia; and "it was impossible," states Mr. Gordon Goodwin,² "not to admire 'the cunning of fence, the grace of action, and the almost irresistible might' of his argument."

The pamphlet created such a great sensation, and was so eagerly read, that the first edition was very quickly exhausted. O'Connell was emboldened to form the "Catholic Association," and declared that "upon every point Dr. Doyle, in this pamphlet, has ably met and refuted our opponents."

Dr. Doyle promptly joined the Association, and was the first prelate to do so.

In 1824, Mr. Robinson, the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer,

¹ "The Life, Times and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle," Two Vols. (1880).

² See D.N.B., *sub voce*.

who, like Canning, supported Catholic Emancipation, proposed a "corporate reunion" of the Established Churches of England and Ireland with the Catholic Church. Mr. Robinson subsequently became Viscount Goderich and Premier, and was created Earl of Ripon in 1833. He was the father of the even more illustrious first Marquis of Ripon, who was converted to Catholicism, while a member of Gladstone's Government and Grand Master of the Freemasons, in Queen Victoria's reign.

Considering that Elizabeth's Establishment had been, from the first, and still was, the bitter opponent of Catholicism, it is no wonder that the *volte face* implied in this suggestion should have seemed attractive to one who was apparently blind to the wholly heretical and, indeed, lay character and genesis of Anglicanism, and, consequently, to the intrinsic impossibility of the scheme. At any rate, instead of consulting Dr. Milner, for instance, who could have guided him aright, "J.K.L." for a time favoured the project, until its manifest impracticability caused it to lapse. However, up to the time of his death, he kept up an extensive correspondence as regarded Irish and Catholic grievances with various Liberal statesmen, by whom he was greatly respected.

At the end of 1824 and the beginning of 1825, he again entered the political arena with a book of 364 pages called "Twelve Letters on the State of Ireland," at first published serially. They were, in the main, addressed to the two Parliamentary Committees which had just been appointed to inquire into the conditions in Ireland. In them he showed up the iniquities of the Church Establishment; the gross injustice of the tithes and Protestant Church-Cess; the cruel exactions of landlords, too often absentee; the corrupt administration of the law; the despicable meanness of Bible Societies, with their "soup-kitchens" for converting indigent Papists; and the bad conditions of poor relief in Ireland.

One great result of these "Letters" was that the Parliamentary Committees invited Dr. Doyle to London to give evidence before them. He accepted the invitation, and completely won over the Commons, his evidence being considered "the most valuable, striking, and important on record," according to Mr. Fagan, M.P. Wellington, when asked whether the Peers were still examining Doyle, replied, "No, but Doyle is examining us," and "Cassell's History," before quoted, states: "His [Dr. Doyle's] examination before the committee of the House of Lords, in 1825, would alone have stamped him as a man of extraordinary abilities and attainments, whose talents and learning were consecrated to a high moral purpose—that purpose being the regeneration of his country."

The remaining steps in the process of overthrowing the hosts of bigotry are familiar. Herein O'Connell, the victor of the Clare election, was the protagonist, supported by a "Public Letter" from

the pen of "J.K.L." On April 10, 1829, the Emancipation Act was passed, the alternative being, as Wellington declared, civil war in Ireland. Dr. Doyle did not live long to enjoy the victory to which his writings had so much contributed, and his remaining energies were spent in fighting for the removal of the infamous impost of tithes whereby Irish Catholics were heavily taxed to support a foreign and detested Church Establishment. His exposure of this iniquity in his pamphlet "On the Origin, Nature and Destination of Church Property" (1831) gave it its death blow. He himself died on June 15, 1834, leaving unpublished an "Essay on Education and the State of Ireland," which was edited and printed in 1880 by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, his biographer.

Dr. Doyle, according to "Cassell's History," "was a genuine, truthful man, pure in morals, and elevated in character . . . genial and affectionate in private life; but firm, and sometimes austere, in his character as a bishop." In person he was "tall and commanding," the chief features of his face being heavily marked eyebrows overshadowing large, full, fearless eyes; a straight, thin nose, and speaking lips. The sternness of his discipline caused him to be more respected than beloved by the clergy of his own diocese, and, oddly enough for an Irishman, he seems to have been devoid of wit and humour. Like Parnell, he was too earnest in his outlook even to relish such qualities in others.

He was buried before the High Altar of his handsome new Cathedral at Carlow, the foundation stone of which he had laid on Easter Monday, 1828, and which was finished in 1833, being the first Catholic Cathedral built in Ireland after the relaxation of the Penal Laws. The Cathedral at Tuam, begun in the same year as that of Carlow, was not completed till 1838. A fine statue of Dr. Doyle by Hogan, the Irish sculptor, now stands in the Cathedral. Turnerelli executed a bust of him, and there are two engraved portraits of him, one by R. Cooper, after J. C. Smith, and the other (taken from the bust) by W. Holl.

JOHN G. ROWE.

THE EVIL SOWING OF SCHOPENHAUER.

IF we may use a newspaper word there are a good many "echoes" of Schopenhauer's teaching in the writings of to-day. Indeed it was only some twenty-six years after his death that his greatest work—"The World as Will and Idea"—was produced in English, one of the translators being the late Viscount Haldane, who thus brought over to us some of the furniture of his spiritual home. And an examination of the writings of Schopenhauer show surprising affinities with Psycho-analysis, modern "Instinct" psychology, Pragmatism, the philosophy of Bergson, and various Life-Force theories—a list which, at first sight, seems to have no

connecting link, but on investigation, is seen to be more or less the result of one great principle, namely, the belittling of Intellect and the exaltation of Will, which is rather some blind urge of unreason than a rational faculty. Here Schopenhauer was but developing the work of his predecessors, for in the divorce between intellect and will Kant had already granted a decree nisi which Schopenhauer made absolute.

We will now examine in order this philosopher's connexion with various elements of present-day speculation.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

Mairet, in his "A.B.C. of Adler's Psychology," roundly says that psycho-analysis owes its existence to Schopenhauer, and that his importance is due to his exaltation of the will, and he adds ". . . even the intelligence which it produces in man . . . is only produced to further its own aims." Robinson in "Man as Psychology sees him," writes of Freud as possibly inspired by the writings of the philosopher Schopenhauer. And Will Durant in his very readable "Story of Philosophy," gives a number of references to the works of Schopenhauer which are described as sources of Freud. Lastly, J. C. Flugel has pointed out that in many ways Freud is the "scientific successor of the great pessimistic philosophers, Schopenhauer and Hartmann, rather than of his immediate psychological predecessors." This is interesting as showing the interaction of Philosophy and Science. If we accept the statement of Flugel, which is supported by others, as we have seen, then it seems that the philosophy of Schopenhauer has influenced the science of Freud who is now himself evolving an informal philosophy of his own, at least, in so far as he is, in his latest books, expressing himself on the great questions of life and destiny.

But perhaps the strongest evidence showing the close connexion between Schopenhauer and psycho-analysis comes from the man himself. At the age of twenty-six he wrote in a notebook: "Inward discord is the very bane of human nature so long as a man lives." And after meditating on this theme he produced, only four years later, his greatest book, already mentioned, "The World as Will and Idea." From this we will now quote a few extracts, and their psycho-analytical flavour will at once be apparent.

In a chapter on the Association of Ideas he writes: "Ordinarily, it is in the obscure depths of the mind that the ruminations of the materials received from without takes place . . . almost as unconsciously as the conversion of nourishment into the . . . substance of the body." He remarks that we can often give no account of the origin of our deepest thoughts, and writes: "Consciousness is the mere surface of our mind, of which, as of the earth, we do not know the inside, but only the crust." But it is in the chapter

on the Will in Self-consciousness that we find acorns in even greater abundance. He speaks of the intellect as a mere tool in line with hoofs, claws and hands, all necessary for the creature's endurance—which reminds us of Bergson and the Pragmatists. Then, a few pages further on, we see, at least in germ, the very idea of psychological analysis when he writes: ". . . the intellect remains so completely excluded from the real decisions and secret purposes of its own will that sometimes it can only learn them like those of a stranger, by spying upon them, and must catch the will in the act of expressing itself in order to get at its real intentions." On the next page he says we may entertain a wish for years without even allowing it to come to clear consciousness, and, further on, remarks that in some cases a man will not believe that he can be influenced by a certain motive which is, none the less, the true motive of his action.

The doctrine that the unpleasant is repressed is also to be found. The intellect is ready to survey all possibilities, but the worst one of all may be invisible to it because the will, as it were, "covered it with its hand." He also quotes, as a straw which shows which way the wind blows, the fact that in doing accounts we more often make errors in our own favour than against us, and that without the least intentional dishonesty—an example to be found in current psychological writings.

In a discussion on Madness he again remarks that it is with great unwillingness that we dwell on matters which powerfully injure our interests, and goes on to conclude that it is in this resistance of the will to allowing what is contrary to it to come under the examination of the intellect that we find the point at which madness can break in upon the mind.

We will conclude these extracts with one which many will feel to be the most cogent link of all. Schopenhauer speaks of the relation of the sexes as "really the invisible central point of all action and conduct. . ." He says it is the "inexhaustible source of wit"—thus anticipating one of Freud's side-lines. And after more explanation and comment comes the culminating statement that man is "concrete sexual desire." So that these quotations at least serve to indicate one of the quarries from which it would seem that Freud had hewed his stone, as well as some rough outline plans of undraped statuary.

IRRATIONALISM AND RELIGION

The statements we have considered nearly all go to over-emphasize the power and place of will or general urge in comparison with the intellect. And there is no need to dwell here on the harm that is being done by this "flight from reason." Yet a system that does not account for truth may, nevertheless, give a tolerable explanation of error; if not a gnosis it may be a diagnosis. This,

indeed, is what psycho-analysis has some claim to be, and that not only in the case of individuals, but also in the case of groups. To take only one example, it does seem as if Anglican theology in its anti-papal elements constituted a fair instance of Rationalization. For how did it all begin? England was like a Mind dramatized—Henry VIII representing the will which the passions are so apt to sway, and Cranmer the intellect, subservient when it should have been supreme, searching around for "reasons" to justify the purposes of the king. Nor did the Church of England ever gather in conclave on a definite occasion to consider the question of Papal rule, and having decided against it, resolve to withdraw; on the contrary, disruptive action came first and "reasons" were evolved afterwards. Then these "reasons" were projected into the past, just as a man may come to believe that he was present at some event which happened before he was born. It is as St. Jerome said: "No schism fails to devise for itself a heresy, to justify its withdrawal."

But it is as making attacks on the very foundation of religion in general that Psycho-analysis is to the fore to-day. And without entering upon this large question we may perhaps notice that great importance is being attached by many people to what we may call without offence the irrational defence of religion. Dr. W. R. Matthews has remarked that within Christian circles as well as without, there are to be found those who distrust reason, and also those who desire to return to her. And he mentions Otto and Karl Barth, not to suggest that they have much in common except that they "consider revelation . . . a gift apprehended by some faculty other than critical reason."

FEATURELESS FLUX

But it is time to return to Schopenhauer and briefly to consider his view of reality at large. As is well known, his idea was that everything of which we have knowledge is an "objectivization"—we might almost say misleading manifestation—of one irrational monster Will. No reason is given for this objectivization, we are only told that it is altogether deplorable. So, for Schopenhauer, ultimate reality is a meaningless Monism, for all is blind Will, an endless striving, an eternal becoming, a boundless flux. Differences and distinctions, individuality and independence, are no more than appearances. Here, again, we note the correspondence with much of the thinking of to-day, in which, as Mr. Joad has pointed out, an ever-changing flux is taken to be the basis of the real. This is true, in various ways, of such different writers as William James, Bergson, Croce and Gentile.

If we ask why this Heraclitan conception of reality should be so popular in these days, we find a good answer given by Mr.

C. E. M. Joad in his book "Matter, Life and Value." He writes, on p. 62, as follows:

The typically modern thinker denies, when he can, all reality that does not bear upon it the imprint of the species to which he belongs. When he is constrained to admit some substratum of raw material . . . he regards it as essential that it should offer as few obstructions to the free play of the human spirit as possible . . . it must be featureless. . . Now the most featureless kind of real which we can imagine is an ever-changing flux . . . without mark or distinction of any kind . . . a clean slate for the writings of the human spirit. Above all, it contains nothing non-human and eternal.

True, to Schopenhauer, this flux was matter for despair—a sort of dark river in which a man had better drown himself. But to later writers it is a basis for Humanism, to give a modest name to human pride. The poverty of the material, like the initial coppers of the self-made man, become a reason for boasting. We are reminded of a saying attributed to Napoleon: "I made my generals out of mud."

In any case, how different is this conception of a featureless flux from the teaching of St. Thomas, who holds that the differences and distinctions of things are due not to chance, nor really to secondary causes, but to God Himself. The reason being that no one class, still less an individual, can fully manifest His perfections, so multitude and variety are required. St. Thomas argues that God created not a collection of units, but an ordered whole, and inasmuch as the order of the Universe is its greatest perfection, this must proceed from the highest cause (*Contra Gentiles*, II, xlvi). And he adds that the distinction between created things and their order is due not to the actions of creatures; on the contrary, these actions are rather the result of the said distinction and order. Here it is worth while noticing that, according to the explanation of St. Thomas of the "Days" of Creation, first there is the production of "unformed" matter, then three days of the work of Distinction in which certain elements are divided from each other, followed by three days for the work of Adornment, in which the same were perfected. The former operation constituting the World's intrinsic perfection, like the distinction of bodily parts or limbs; the latter operation bringing extrinsic perfection like to the addition of raiment. The correspondence of this explanatory scheme with Holy Scripture is amazing in its exactness, and we are not now concerned to harmonize it with scientific theories; after all, this teaching about creation will account for a scientist far better than a scientist can account for creation. Indeed, the comments of a scientist on the subject of Creation are often as much out of place as those of a stage carpenter as to the origin of a play.

Therefore, to the man who regards the Universe as, in some way, the expression of God, variety is only to be expected; and behind this variety and change he finds unity and permanence—in God. On the other hand, the man who will acknowledge nothing beyond or above the world is forced to seek unity almost to the point of identity in the very multiplicity that he perceives. Hence it is that much modern philosophizing is an attempt to break down the ancient land-marks, between the World and the Deity, the Natural and the Supernatural, man and animal, one species and another; and by the fusion of faith and feeling, and reason and instinct, to arrive at supreme confusion—an ever-changing, featureless, feckless flux.

STRUGGLE AND PESSIMISM

But we must return once more to Schopenhauer. Mr. Joad, in the book already mentioned, makes the interesting statement that "we primarily owe [to Schopenhauer] the conception of existence as being by its very nature a process of struggle and endeavour."¹ This is to say, that he is responsible for a vast deal in modern modes of thought. He is certainly full of the doctrine of the struggle for survival, for mere existence, an idea which altogether failed to satisfy his follower, Nietzsche, who called for a will to power, a determination to overcome. Each of these views has its followers, and perhaps we may venture to notice what appears to be a correspondence between them and two recent periods of German history. At the time of Bismarck, Germany wished to become a great European Power—to exist; but at the time of the Kaiser she wished to dominate the world—to overcome.

But in the realm of Philosophy this conception of struggle has received the greatest support from the science of Biology, and has recently been popularized by such writers as Butler and Shaw. Indeed, it may very well be the germ of the latest theories of Emergent Evolution inasmuch as (according to them) what has been attained by the effort of one age is the preparation and condition of further and unforeseen advance.

And out of this doctrine of conflict the Pessimism of Schopenhauer arises naturally enough. It is the poison gas of Philosophy, easier to sense than to define. Indeed, one might perhaps say an optimist was a man who thought it worth while to define a pessimist. Schopenhauer held that we were unhappy whatever be our state, like hedgehogs, he says, uncomfortable when too close together, and chilly when apart. This pessimism is, no doubt, due, in part, to the influence Buddhism had upon him—it is said that he had an image of Buddha on his table—and, as von Hügel says, he turned the epistemology of Kant into an Eastern metaphysic. Kant was the great junction through which Schopenhauer

¹ Schopenhauer noted this struggle for existence as a fact; to be deplored not developed, seeing that such existence is an evil.

passed, and then, with clouds of black smoke, turned east—the Orient Express.

Schopenhauer himself says that he has gone "beyond Kant" who "started from knowledge as a fact . . . but I have sought to show . . . [that] knowledge is something for individual ends; whence it must be insufficient to fathom the nature of the world." What a close connexion there seems to be between Scepticism and Pessimism!

However, the ultimate reality according to Schopenhauer is an irrational Will, a thing quite unknown to us, as von Hügel remarks and says that here we have simply "a projection of Schopenhauer's abnormally divided and unhappy interior life." Certainly he looked out on a world soaked in blood and bile, the latter mainly of his own secreting. The coming into being of the Universe as we know it, was, according to him, a "regrettable incident," and our aim should be to bring the restless process to an end, to abandon struggle and to seek Nirvana.

With this it is interesting to compare one of the latest novelties of Freud, who is now speaking of a "death instinct" as the opposite pole to Eros or the life-urge. It seems that among the reasons which led Freud to posit this new instinct is the suicidal tendency to be found in some people, the phenomenon known as sadism, and the general growth and decay of living tissue. Moreover, death, on his principles, appears as the goal of some urge within the individual, and this instinct manifests itself in a longing for repose, for Nirvana.¹

We have touched upon some of the elements in the teaching of Schopenhauer—his anti-intellectualism, his emphasis on sex and struggle, his featureless flux of Will as reality, and his pessimism. And it appears that his philosophy was a process for incubating the bacteria of many of the maladies of our time.

A. G. HERRING.

A LATELY-CANONIZED FOUNDRESS.

ST. JEANNE-ANTIDE THOURET, OF THE INSTITUTE OF CHARITY OF
ST. VINCENT

ON November 27, 1765, at a little farm in the village of Sancey, near Besançon, in France, was born Jeanne-Antide Thouret, the fifth child and first daughter of one François Thouret and Jeanne his wife.

Destined to be the friend and helper of the poor and the sick and the sorrowful, Jeanne-Antide was called upon, when very young, to minister to the needs of others. She was sixteen years old

¹ This paragraph is much indebted to "Contemporary Schools of Psychology," by Woodworth, p. 162.

when her mother died, and she found herself faced with the task of mothering a family of nine. It was the beginning of her great apostolate. "He that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?" On those words of St. John she laid the foundations of her life—of that life of charity which was to be for her and for others the road to sanctity. With them always in her heart she became, even there at Sancey, the centre of a little group of friends who would ask her for advice, and with whom she visited the poor.

As she grew older she wanted to do more than that: she was filled with a great longing to give herself to God as a Religious—a longing that persisted and increased, despite the opposition of her father and even of her confessor. Every conceivable argument was used in their efforts to dissuade her from her purpose, efforts that culminated in the proposal to her of a rich marriage. As St. Agnes of old, so now did Jeanne answer that she would refuse the hand of a king; she would accept for her Spouse none other than Our Lord Himself; she desired to consecrate herself to Him and to the service of His poor.

Her father withdrew from her all semblance of affection, leaving her to realize the completeness of the sacrifice she was called upon to make; but her confessor at last became convinced of her vocation and told her of a Congregation wherein he was sure she would find that which she sought. Then, and only then, did François Thouret give his consent, and on November 1, 1787, at the age of twenty-two, she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity in Paris.

There, as a Daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, she was intensely happy: happy in the work for others that was given her to do, happy in the knowledge that she had found Him whom her soul loved. But God intended her to be a Saint, and there is only one road to sanctity: that which Thomas à Kempis has called "the Royal Road of the Cross."

The year was 1791. France was in the grip of the Revolution. Priests were in exile or in hiding, and the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, till now so popular and so beloved, were dispersed and ordered to rejoin their families. Poorly clothed and badly shod, Jeanne-Antide was turned out into the disordered streets. Begging for her support, she made on foot the long journey from Paris to Besançon; more dead than alive, yet rejoicing that she was counted worthy to suffer something for the Name of Jesus; rejoicing, too, in this: that now more than ever was she a daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, who loved the destitute and suffering.

Once more at her father's home in the little village of Sancey, she set to work to take the place, as far as she could, of the parish priest, who had been forced to leave his post. She gathered the children together and taught them; she visited the poor and the

sick; she assisted the priests in hiding: all at the risk of her life. Once, at least, she was publicly denounced before the magistrates, but God would not allow them to harm her: moved by some sudden impulse, they were content to threaten her, where others had been put to death.

In the spring of 1795 a priest was able to return to the parish, and Jeanne-Antide left France for Switzerland, there to join a little community of Sisters at Fribourg: "for the purpose," she said herself, "of attending better to my own sanctification." But the call of France was ever in her ears, and the summer of 1797 found her once more in her own country.

And now the time had come for her to accomplish the great work that God had in store for her. Unable to return to her former Sisters in Paris, she was asked by the ecclesiastical authorities in Besançon to undertake the foundation in that town of a new community: one that should be independent of any other and under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Besançon: a community that should be entirely devoted to works of charity. In vain she pleaded that she herself was still in need of formation and of guidance. It was put to her that God called her to do this work, and in all humility she accepted the task that lay before her. On April 11, 1799 (a day dear to the heart of every one of her daughters, down to the present day, because it marks the real foundation of the Institute that she brought into being), Jeanne-Antide opened a House that was indeed (to use an expression of St. Benedict's) "a School of the Lord's Service"; for, while its Sisters at first wore no distinct habit of their own, and were without any distinct Rule, all were formally consecrated to the service of God and His poor.

It is clear that the Foundress intended always to rejoin the Sisters of Charity in Paris as soon as the state of the country made it possible, and great was her grief when her former Sisters were re-established in the French capital and she, who had left the convent there only through the force of circumstances, was forbidden, by the Vicar-General of Besançon, to return to them. He reminded her that her new work was of vital importance, that her community was entirely dependent upon her; and he told her that she was in duty bound to remain at Besançon. And more than that: she must draw up a Rule of her own for the Institute that she had founded.

Once again Jeanne-Antide recognized, in the voice of her ecclesiastical superiors, the Will of God; and in obedience to that Will she set herself to the task of drawing up a Rule of life for her spiritual children. Her letters during this time reveal the deep humility with which she undertook this task: how only the voice of God forced her to undertake that which almost frightened her. She clung desperately to the consolation that her very weakness,

and her incapacity for such a task, were the proofs that she was doing God's Will; for, as she said herself, He ever used the feeblest of His children as His instruments on earth.

Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, then, she wrote her Rule: a Rule based upon that other Rule that she knew and loved so well. Her daughters were to be Sisters of Charity, under the Protection of St. Vincent de Paul: a branch of that big family whose life-work it was to minister to those in need. Her Rule was unhesitatingly approved by the ecclesiastical authorities at Besançon, and her children adopted the habit that they wear to the present day. Very soon, under her wise and holy guidance, foundations were made in various other towns: not only in France, but in Switzerland and in Italy also; until at last the time came for Jeanne-Antide to travel to Rome, there to obtain for her Institute and Rule the formal approval of the Holy See. One may be allowed to rejoice that this approval, dated August, 1820, was given by a Benedictine monk, Pope Pius VII. Pope Pius, however, advised the Foundress to make three small alterations in the Rule that she had written; and her ready obedience to the Vicar of Christ brought to her later such sorrow and suffering that, had she not been the Saint that she was, her grief must have proved too great to be borne.

Eight years had elapsed since the holy Foundress had left Besançon for Italy and Rome. Throughout those years she had never forgotten her children in France; both she and they had looked forward unceasingly to the day of reunion. Yet now, on her return to Besançon, she found the doors of her own convent literally bolted and barred against her! It was not the wish of her daughters within; far from it: they longed to have her with them once again. Her exclusion from the home that she had given to others was due to an incredible order from the then Archbishop of Besançon, who felt that he had been slighted by the Holy See, in that the Rule of the Institute had been altered at Rome without his being consulted. History tells us that Jeanne-Antide kissed the rude wood of the heavy door that was closed against her, before she turned away to beg a night's lodging in the town. And as did St. Peter, long before, beside the Master that he loved so dearly, so now in her grief she prayed: "Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee!" And as to St. Peter, so to Jeanne-Antide, Our Lord must have answered: "Feed My sheep!", for He yet called her to be the mother of a great family, while, broken-hearted and forsaken, she stood an outcast at the doors of her own home.

The reconciliation that she hoped for with the Archbishop of Besançon never came. One has to remember that means of communication between Rome and Besançon were not what they are to-day. From her heart she forgave those who were responsible

for this act of grave injustice—for gave as only a Saint can forgive—and then, once more, she made the long journey to Italy. How sad a journey that must have been we can hardly conceive; yet she put her trust in God, and having come to a convent that she had already founded at Naples, she spent there the rest of her life: directing, comforting, instructing, yet ever begging to be looked upon as the least of her Sisters. From Naples new foundations arose, new schools were opened, new novitiate started; and on all these undertakings was the blessing of God. The poor and the needy appealed most strongly to her; it was towards them always that she was especially drawn. They represented to her, in a special way, Our Lord Himself—above all, if they were suffering. None ever knocked at her door to be sent away without help.

The Holy Year of Jubilee, 1825, was opened by Pope Leo XII, and, with her children, Jeanne-Antide made the exercises necessary for the gaining of the Jubilee Indulgence. She was in her sixty-second year, and her life had been a very hard one. In the midst of these exercises the holy Foundress was taken with a sudden illness, and on August 24th she died.

She died; and now she lives with Him for whom she left all things. She lives in the memory of the Church who has raised her to her altars. She lives in the hearts of all her children, who, continuing the work that she began, devote their lives to the service of God and of humanity, while they sanctify themselves, as she did, through prayer and sacrifice and charity. The Sisters of Charity founded by St. Jeanne-Antide now number about 8,000. They are in France, in Belgium and in Italy, where their Mother House is in the Holy City; in Switzerland, in Malta and in Egypt. And they are here in England, in the Archdiocese of Westminster.

The Sisters of Charity do not seek for recompense on earth. They belong to God. For Him they work without thought of reward, save the great reward that He wishes all to seek: the possession of Himself in Heaven. They seek Him in their fellow-men, they obey Him in their superiors, they love Him in their neighbour; and God has given them a signal proof of His love and gratitude. On May 23, 1926, Jeanne-Antide Thouret was declared by the reigning Pontiff to be among the Blessed in Heaven, and, as such, worthy of special veneration. And in the year of Jubilee, 1934, the same Sovereign Pontiff has numbered her among the canonized Saints of God. *Mirabilis Deus in Sanctis Suis.*

GERVASE HOBSON MATTHEWS, O.S.B.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

AMERICA: June 23, 1934. **Beware the Omnipotent State!**, by R. E. Desvergne. [All forms of Absolute Civil Rule an encroachment on the rights both of God and man.]

AMERICAN REVIEW: Nos. 2 and 3, 1934. **Science and Theology**, by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. [Only to be reconciled by a sane metaphysic: Kant the author of their want of harmony.]

CATHOLIC TIMES: June 29, July 6, 13, 20, 1934. **The Slums**, by C. C. Martindale, S.J. [An appeal, after exposure of the evil, to the public conscience for reform.]

CATHOLIC WORLD: July, 1934. **Popes and Jewish "Ritual Murder,"** by W. F. P. Stockley. [An exposure of an anti-Semitic calumny recently revived in Germany.]

COMMONWEAL: July 6, 1934. **The Circle or the Cross**. [Editor shows there is no way of breaking the vicious circle of security through war, but by acknowledging human brotherhood in Christ.]

DOWNSIDE REVIEW: July, 1934. **Edward Cuthbert Butler, 1858—1934**, by Dom David Knowles. [A full and candid appreciation of the great Benedictine scholar which, with bibliography, occupies the whole issue.]

DUBLIN REVIEW: July, 1934. **The Origin of Man in the Light of Recent Research**, by Father Humphrey Johnson. [A survey of the evidence for the evolution of the human body by a convinced Transformist.]

ECCLÉSIASTICAL REVIEW: July, 1934. **Catholic Organization for better Motion Pictures Abroad**, by M. Hawks. [A summary of what is being done in Europe to purify the Cinema.]

ÉTUDES: June 20, 1934. **Fascisme et Communisme**, by Jean Rimaud. [Showing how, fundamentally, these extremes meet, and expounding the Papal attitude towards the former.]

IRISH ECCLÉSIASTICAL RECORD: July, 1934. **The Sacred Tenth**, by Rev. E. J. Quigley. [Conclusion of an exposure of the monstrous injustice of ecclesiastical tithes to support Protestantism in Ireland.]

TABLET: June 30, July 21, 1934. **"Roman Catholic Falsehood."** [Rebuttal by the Editor of a mendacious attack on Cardinal Gasquet and others.]

UNIVERSE: July 20, 1934. **Persecution in Germany**. [Correspondent shows from quotations of prominent Nazi-leaders that the suppression or nationalization of Catholicism is their avowed aim.]

REVIEWS

1—THE HOLY FATHER'S HISTORICAL ESSAYS¹

RAFTER more than thirty years have flown by since the writer of this notice, when attempting in his book "Lent and Holy Week" to give some account of the Quarant' Ore devotion, had occasion to cite a paper on the Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament at Milan, published in the *Scuola Cattolica* by a certain Don Achille Ratti. It is pleasant to meet with that interesting essay once again as it now appears, with several others of larger scope, excellently translated into English by Professor Bullough, in the volume before us. The longest and most important item in this collection of *Miscellanea* is undoubtedly that which deals with the Ambrosian Church of Milan. As an historical sketch of that centre of ecclesiastical development, which, whether we agree with the views of Mgr. Duchesne or not, was extremely influential throughout Western Christendom, the paper is a model of clearness. What a pity that the writer felt constrained by the fact that it had taken the form of a lecture delivered before the "Circolo Filologico Milanese" to abstain from annotations and exact references. The section devoted to the Ambrosian rite is regrettably brief, but it is interesting to learn once more from the venerable author, so closely associated in those days with the liturgist Ceriani, his predecessor as Prefect of the Ambrosian library, that in his view—

The Church in Milan certainly possessed a Rite before St. Ambrose, and we have no proof barring the exceptions stated before, that he introduced any innovations. Neither can it be proved that the Ambrosian Rite is of Oriental origin or character. What, then, is the significance of all this? It comes to this that our Rite is simply the Roman Rite as it was practised in ancient times. The older the documentary evidence that can be found, the more the differences disappear: no proof of the historical and theological value of our Rite could be more convincing or more effective. As early as the fourth century the Ambrosian Rite is fixed in the form which it retains at the present day, except for some unimportant details.

So much interest is now taken in liturgical history, especially in England, that we are rather sorry that Professor Bullough has not

¹ *Essays in History written between the years 1896—1912.* By the Right Rev. Mgr. Achille Ratti (now His Holiness Pope Pius XI). Translated by Edward Bullough, Professor of Italian in Cambridge University. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. xviii, 312. Price, 12s. 6d.

included in his selection the account of Ceriani's work which Mgr. Ratti contributed to the "Miscellanea Ceriani" in 1910. There are, however, other matters in the volume which will not be without appeal to English readers. It would seem that Leonardo da Vinci's famous *Codex Atlanticus*—a name which apparently has nothing to do with the Atlantic Ocean, but rather, on the ground of its dimensions, with the titan Atlas—was very nearly being acquired for England by Thomas, the Protestant Earl of Arundel. In the essay devoted to the subject Mgr. Ratti set out to discuss in some detail the puzzling question whether the attempt to purchase this treasure was made in the interest of James I or of Charles I. A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with the work of St. Charles Borromeo, including in particular certain notes regarding him left by his cousin, Cardinal Federico Borromeo, "his disciple and almost son," as well as his successor in office. The book also includes portraits of the two last-named, as well as a charming reproduction of Luini's Holy Family and of Leonardo's cartoon of the Holy Family in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy here in London; the relation between these pictures forming the subject of the last chapter of the volume. All admirers of the indefatigable worker and scholarly Pontiff who now occupies St. Peter's Chair will be grateful to Professor Bullough and to the publishers for making this attractive collection of essays accessible to English readers.

H.T.

2—THE COUNTER-REFORMATION¹

TO form a judgment of the Counter-Reformation from a detailed study of the original sources would be the work of a lifetime. For proof of this, one has only to think of the mass of new material which has been edited of recent years, even if no account be taken of that which still remains unprinted. Practically speaking, all the sixty-one stout volumes of the "Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu" contain documents of substantial value in this connexion, and the series is regularly being added to. The correspondence of St. Peter Canisius, so admirably edited by Father Braunsberger, is another primary source, but its bulk is such as to make the heart of the most valiant investigator quail. Then we have the confidential dispatches sent by ambassadors to their respective seats of government—the "Nuntiatur-Berichte aus Deutschland," transmitted to the Holy See, being of the first importance—and the huge collection of documents connected with the Council of Trent which are laboriously being edited in the series originally projected by Merkle and Ehses. Moreover, there

¹ *The Counter-Reformation, 1550—1600.* By B. J. Kidd, D.D., Warden of Keble College, Oxford. S.P.C.K. Pp. 272. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

is the Protestant side to consider. Germany, England, France, Poland, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Switzerland and other minor States, all contributing their quota, immense in bulk, and including, of course, innumerable letters and papers emanating from the later representative leaders of the Reform. A scholar who is writing on such a period, say, as that of Charlemagne, may be expected to have read himself every historical document which offers anything like contemporary information, but that is not the case here. Anyone who sets out to compress into a volume of two or three hundred pages an outline of the reaction which followed upon Luther's revolt, must be content to work, for the most part, at second hand, and we cannot make it a ground of complaint against Dr. Kidd that he has followed this course. Inevitably in such a case the choice of authorities to whom credit is given will depend largely upon the writer's previous training and sympathies. Consequently, Dr. Kidd's presentation of sundry disputed points would not necessarily be ours. But we gladly give him credit for the wish to discard bias, and the references frequently made to *Pastor*, the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, and other similar works of Catholic authorship, are satisfactory evidence of the writer's desire to look at matters from more than one narrow point of view. With regard, in particular, to the Society of Jesus, whose work in common estimation is so largely associated with the Counter-Reformation movement, we are satisfied that Dr. Kidd has not allowed himself to be swayed by popular or national prejudice. His account of the origin, training and aims of the Society may be accepted as in all substantial matters fair and accurate. We wonder, however, whence he has derived the statement that "on an average not more than two per cent of the members of the Order attain the status of the 'Professed of Four Vows.'" This is certainly very wide of the truth. It is, perhaps, not altogether surprising that Dr. Kidd can find little excuse for such incidents as St. Pius V's congratulations to the Duke of Alba (though he elsewhere refers to the Pope as "a great saint deservedly canonized"), or for Gregory XIII's *Te Deum* for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Motley, we would urge, is not a very trustworthy guide in the setting he gives to these horrors. Moreover, so far as the Holy See was concerned, detailed and accurate reports of what had really happened reached Rome slowly. The authors of the atrocities were always first in the field, and they represented that a dangerous conspiracy had been providentially detected, forestalled and nipped in the bud. Have we not within these last few weeks seen something uncommonly like a St. Bartholomew's massacre in Germany? And though our English journals have spoken strongly, there has been no question anywhere of breaking off diplomatic relations with the Government responsible for such outrages upon justice. It is interesting to find Dr. Kidd

remarking, in connexion with the "Catechismus Romanus": "The Roman Church to this day possesses no official catechism for use throughout its extent, for the education of the young. Best of all catechisms, perhaps, is the *Penny Catechism*, published under the authority of the English Roman Catholic Hierarchy." And a footnote refers us to E. A. Knox, "Pastors and Teachers," p. 81 (ed. 1902), where it is described as "a remarkably clear document, with well-constructed questions and answers," and we are told that "Bishop Knox reprints it in his valuable appendix of 'Catechisms,' pp. 246 sqq."

H.T.

3—A SHAKESPEARIAN ROMANCE¹

IT is perhaps *periculose plenum opus aleae* to venture upon a conjectural restoration of the innermost life-history of a poet, and of such a poet as Shakespeare. But the Comtesse Clara Longworth de Chambrun, a lady who has successfully presented the relations between Shakespeare and Florio as a thesis for her *doctorat* at the Sorbonne, and who has made other contributions to our knowledge of the Elizabethan drama, starts well equipped for such a task. She has an intimate acquaintance with the language of the period, and she has spared no pains in her first-hand study of sources. The story professes to be told by Mr. John Lacy the actor, who is referred to by John Aubrey in the seventeenth century, as one presumably very familiar with the details of the great playwright's career, and as belonging to the circle in which he moved. Whether Madame de Chambrun will convince all her readers that she has correctly interpreted the mysterious tie which existed between the poet and the great Earl of Southampton and has, consequently, solved the problem of the Sonnets, is a matter upon which it would be unsafe to prophesy. But we may gladly do justice here to the respect she everywhere evinces for the Catholic attitude in those difficult Elizabethan days, and for the sympathetic tone of her references to such noble martyrs as Blessed Robert Southwell and to such heroic women as Mistress Anne Lyne. Some liberties with the chronology it was necessary to take, but the author, on the whole, has been discreet. The story, we fancy, will be read with most interest by those who are really familiar with the literature of the period and who have their Shakespeare at their fingers' ends. Those who are less well equipped will probably miss many allusions which are vital to the understanding of the implications suggested in the tale.

H.T.

¹ *Two Loves I have. The Romance of William Shakespeare.* By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. Pp. 320.

SHORT NOTICES

MORAL.

CHANOINE DUPLESSY, that indefatigable writer, has published the second volume of his *Exposé de la Religion: La Morale Catholique* (Bonne Presse: 10.00 fr.), the former volume, on Catholic Dogma, having appeared in 1929. The author, one of the most experienced of clerical journalists, has written in these two volumes a veritable journalists' course of theology. He touches many subjects, none very deeply, but sufficiently to guide a rapid writer. In this volume we are specially struck with the chapter on the Bases of False Morality, in which the author summarizes the independent schools of to-day, with their refutation.

DOCTRINAL.

Nearly a hundred years ago Dr. Wiseman, afterwards Cardinal, published some lectures on the Blessed Eucharist which have by no means lost their value, although even the latest edition has long been out of print. We are glad, therefore, to welcome a new issue, edited, with notes and introduction, by Dr. Barton, of St. Edmund's, of this theological classic—**The Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist proved from Scripture** (B.O. & W.: 5s.)—for, although the attack on the doctrine has varied since Wiseman's time as faith has decayed, his positive interpretation of the Scripture text remains a model of close, accurate and convincing reasoning. The Editor has written "Additional Notes" for each lecture, which indicate, though not at great length, what the lecturer would have had to say to meet modern arguments, and which enhance the utility of the book for the student to-day.

In time to whet the appetite for the lectures of the next Cambridge Summer School, comes the publication of last year's—**Our Blessed Lady** (B.O. & W.: 6s.)—a very full examination of Catholic doctrine respecting the place of the Mother of God in the scheme of Redemption—the several aspects having been entrusted to no fewer than ten theological experts. Even the "Cures at Lourdes" are the subject of a special chapter, by Dom Izard, O.S.B. A better book for recommendation to an inquiring non-Catholic can hardly be imagined, for it contains no polemics, and clears away the traditional objections to the "cultus" of Mary in the most excellent way—by stating and proving the truth.

DEVOTIONAL.

Blessed Claude de la Colombière left behind him a considerable number of sermons, letters, and devout writings which have been

collected and published many times in France, but which, with the exception of his famous "Retreat," are not widely known over here. Owing to the zeal of his English biographer, Mother Mary Philip, that drawback is being gradually removed. She has already published his *Meditations on the Passion*, and now she has translated, edited and arranged under various heads, **The Spiritual Direction of B. Claude de la Colombière** (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), which will surely attract a large number of devout readers. The same effect may be hoped from a similar compilation by Father George O'Neill, S.J., called **The Servant of the Sacred Heart** (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.) which has appeared almost simultaneously. Again, Blessed Claude's voluminous writings—1,280 columns in Migne's *Orateurs Sacrés*—have been drawn on to illustrate the power and sweetness of his spiritual teaching. The holy Jesuit's connexion with the English Court under Charles II—he was Chaplain to the Duchess of York and did not escape imprisonment for the Faith—should recommend him, even on other accounts, to Catholics in this country.

It was a happy idea to issue in book form the five outstanding essays published in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, at the beginning of this year, to commemorate the nineteenth centenary of the redemption of mankind, and called **Jesus Christ Redeemer** (Dolphin Press: \$1.00). The contributors are Archbishop Goodier, three members of Washington University—Drs. P. Healy, J. J. Burke and J. M. Cooper—and finally the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Cicognani, and they treat, in order, of Jesus as the Revelation of God, Christ and Society, Christ and the Individual Soul, Christ the Redeemer, and Christ and the other Sheep. The last-mentioned is a searching examination of conscience, designed primarily for Catholics in America, but fully applicable to ourselves, as to how far we Catholics are co-operating by living up to our profession, individually and socially, in the Divine Work of Redemption. Few will be able to read these plain statements and suggestions with complete unconcern. As for the rest, Archbishop Goodier is at his best in showing how the character of God is revealed in Our Lord's words and actions; Dr. Healy proves that there is no reality or permanence in civilization which does not rest on Gospel principles; Dr. Burke indicates how every Catholic, but especially if called to the ecclesiastical state, is bound to be an *alter Christus*, whilst the Apostolic Delegate learnedly expounds the Catholic theology of Redemption. A book emphatically to be pondered over during this year of Jubilee.

An intimate study of the various relationships into which, through the mystery of divine incorporation and the working of grace, Christ enters with the individual soul, is provided by Father D. P. McAnstocker, S.J., in a book with the attractive title **Himself** (Bruce Publishing Co.: \$1.25)—the name signifying the para-

mount position taken by Our Lord in the divine society. Father McAnstocker draws on a varied experience of books and human life to illustrate how "Himself" approaches and supports us from every side in His longing to make us His own by displaying His attractiveness. This adds vividness to a deeply spiritual book.

Following up some previous successful books of the same genre, Father Martin Dempsey has published, in **The Way of the King** (Washbourne & Bogan: 3s. 6d.), a collection of historical episodes and biographical sketches designed to illustrate the growth in the Church of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His examples are chosen from periods and places widely separated in space and time, but are skilfully arranged to develop his great theme. The book should be in every Catholic library, or rather in active circulation from its shelves.

LITURGICAL.

A welcome indication of the growing interest in the official worship of the Church is provided by the number of helps to the understanding of the liturgy which are being issued. Mr. Geoffrey Webb's **The Liturgical Altar** (Washbourne & Bogan: 5s.) deals with what, in the first instance, are the Church's injunctions in regard to the design and furnishing of the material structure on which is enacted the central Rite of the Christian religion, and secondarily, with what is the mind of the Church—*i.e.*, of the actual counsel and direction of the Congregation of Rites—in regard to accessories. The whole is very carefully illustrated by ancient and modern instances, and should be welcomed by all who have the privilege, either as architect or pastor or donor, of assisting the construction of altars. For want of such a book of explanation, there is not a little which is "unliturgical" in our altar-furnishing.

Mr. Lancelot W. Fox has had the satisfaction of seeing four editions of his **Guide in a Catholic Church for Non-Catholic Visitors** (Washbourne & Bogan: 1s.), first published in 1924, exhausted, and is now able to issue a fifth, with certain additions and improvements. The meaning of what takes place at the altar is explained in a running commentary on the Mass-service, and the many objects and usages strange to a non-Catholic—Holy Water, Images, Confessionals, etc.—are lucidly set forth in their doctrinal setting. The intensity of the author's convictions is apparent, notwithstanding occasional obscurity of style.

NON-CATHOLIC.

One suspects that the doubter for whom Canon Hannay wrote his little book, **Can I be a Christian?** (Methuen: 1s.), must have said to himself: "Well, of course, if to be a Christian is only that, then anyone, or any Englishman at least, can be a Christian." But

one also suspects that the same doubter would not be altogether satisfied; he would suspect that "to be a Christian" means more than the Canon has said. For though we are told that Christ may be "God of God," still He has not interfered with our individual liberty; the Christianity which has done this is all wrong. The Canon's Christianity sees nothing very supernatural in miracles, nothing in the Resurrection that cannot be explained; the Creeds are rather "sign-posts" than positive dogmatic utterances for all time; and so on. For us, the most interesting chapter is his defence of the Church of England; but it is not that of his "Anglo-Catholic" co-religionists.

It is almost quaint to find an author at this time of day enunciating the thesis of the Gnostic origin of the Church, and holding the "myth" theory of Christ. Yet this is what Mr. James Clark McKerrow, M.B., sets out to defend in his book **Religion and History** (Longmans: 6s.). The author's reading seems to be confined, for the most part, to a few articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and these he seems to have read chiefly in order to contradict what they contain. His method is almost entirely subjective; he does not appear to know, at all events he utterly ignores, the facts of history that are against him.

HISTORICAL.

Those who have seen the Bavarian Passion Play, and also those who have not, will find **Oberammergau: its History and its Passion Play** (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), written by Miss Elisabeth H. C. Corathiel, and illustrated by fine photogravures, a book of absorbing interest. Miss Corathiel knows the present village and its players intimately, and is thoroughly conversant with their romantic history. Her book, too, is exceedingly practical and gives the visitor all necessary information about routes, charges, etc. It should be the standard guide for Catholics.

A part of a Catholic's education is to have read that brilliant work—*The Monks of the West*—which the genius of Montalembert issued to the world in the middle of last century. It was, unfortunately, unfinished, indeed, the two latter volumes of the seven were published after the author's death in 1870, and reached, as far as England is concerned, only the eighth century. The history of the genesis and growth of the work is told by Montalembert's grandson, the Baron de Meaux, in a long and luminous introduction to a hitherto unpublished work which is partly a general sketch, partly a continuation of the large history, viz., **Précis d'Histoire Monastique des Origines à la fin du XI^e Siècle** (J. Vrin: 20.00 fr.), which is proposed ultimately to form an integral part of the original enterprise, and bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. Meanwhile, this "version primitive et inédite des Moines d'Occident," which has been revised and edited with an immense

up-to-date bibliography of forty-four pages, by the Benedictines of Oosterhout, may be read as a complete whole, for it was itself the fruit of prolonged labours, and had actually been printed, before the author was persuaded to withhold it from publication. We have no doubt that an English version will presently appear.

The French original of *Judaism*, by A. Vincent, translated by James Donald Scanlan (Sands: 5s.) was reviewed in *THE MONTH* for November, 1932. It is even more attractive in its English dress. For the most part the translation is excellent; but on p. 236 there is a sentence that is distinctly halting. The chief trouble is that, in the main, the French system of transliteration is followed: qaddich, Chekina, Michna, haloutsim, hassid usually appear in England as kaddish, Shechina, Mishna, chaloutsim, chassid. Attention was called by the 1932 reviewer to the fact that the Hebrew for "merit" appears in slightly different spelling within three pages: this error is reproduced (pp. 167, 170). Kouppa is usually translated by the word "canopy," not "baldachin": "Solidary" and "Secateur" (p. 256) are not words at all familiar to the ordinary reader. Is it not risky to suppose that Psalm xvii was composed only fifty or sixty years B.C.?

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A new study of Our Lady, *L'Immaculée Vierge Mère de Dieu, L'Histoire et la Doctrine empruntées aux meilleurs Auteurs Spirituels* (Bonne Presse), is substantially a Life of the Mother of God drawn entirely from the writings of great authors. They range from St. Bernard to Faber; Bossuet and d'Argenten are perhaps the most prominent. The passages selected are all of sufficient length to express a complete thought well worked out; it is not merely a collection of short sentences. There are many pleasing illustrations.

With the appearance of "September" in the re-issue, with additions, of *Butler's Lives of the Saints* (B.O. & W.: 7s. 6d.) that great enterprise has happily passed its midway point—four volumes of the first half, and three of the second having now seen the light. How great the enterprise is has already been often shown, and the present volume, "Corrected, Amplified and Edited" by Donald Attwater, and annotated with bibliographies by Father Thurston, continues to exhibit a vast amount of new matter and scholarly research. No fewer than eighty-five fresh biographies out of a total of 189, having been added. When the work is finished, English readers will possess a "Butler" incomparably superior to the old—valuable and "classical" as that ancient pioneer undertaking was.

The publication of *The Prison Letters of Countess Markievicz* (Longmans: 6s.) evokes memories of that tragic series of cross-purposes which culminated in the "Easter Rising," and has left

bitter fruits in the present political divisions of Ireland. The book, which is not very well constructed, centres round the personality of Constance Gore-Booth, one of the two daughters of an Anglo-Irish family who, with all the opportunities for selfish enjoyment possessed by her class, preferred to identify herself always with the cause of the poor and the unfortunate. Rightly directed, her abounding charity might have carried her far on the way to sanctity, but her conversion to the Church came late in life, and she drew her notions of social reform from Socialist sources. The compiler of the book, Esther Roper, who is also the biographer of Eva Gore-Booth, her poetess sister, gives a sympathetic account of her chequered career, and a selection of the letters sent to her friends from the various prisons into which her political activities led her, together with some of Eva's poems inspired by the same events. Political memories are short: in this book may be found the key to much that is puzzling in the present situation, but the most attractive and abiding impression is that "compassion for the multitude" which won for this brilliant personality the abiding love of the poor.

Christianity came late, for geographical reasons, to Scandinavia, and had not time to become deeply rooted before it was weakened and deformed by the sixteenth century revolt. However, even in these remote regions, the power of the Gospel message was adequately demonstrated, and heroic figures of Saints eclipse the legendary heroes of the Sagas. As if to indicate the mingling of the new spirit and the old, and of fact with legend, Madame Undset has called her account of the coming of Christianity to Norway, and its progress, *Saga of Saints* (Sheed & Ward: 7s. 6d. n.). She writes from fullness of knowledge historical and geographical, and makes the story very vivid and the Norwegian Saints very attractive. It might be difficult to say at what precise period in his career St. Olaf reached the status of sanctity. No *advocatus diaboli* was ever called on to examine his record, but popular acclaim and the tacit approval of the Church have set him in the Calendar. The account of the decay and obliteration of Catholicism is painfully interesting. We come with more comfort to the re-nascence of Catholicity in Norway in our own times, largely brought about by the conversion and apostolic labours of Father Karl Schilling, who died as lately as 1907. We must assume that the translation, by E. C. Ramsden, which reads fluently, is correct, but "hand-written manuscript" (p. 119), is a trifle tautological.

On the occasion of his recent beatification, the name and exploits of Father Joseph Pignatelli were made familiar to the Catholic world, but it is well to have for English readers the full and excellent account of his career which Mr. J. C. Dias has translated from the Spanish of Father F. Zurbitu, Rector of St. Francis

Xavier's, Bombay, entitled **The Blessed Joseph Pignatelli** (Bombay Examiner Press: ten annas). For it was the supernatural courage, patience, prudence and perseverance of the Blessed Joseph, which preserved the Spanish Province of the Society during the Bourbon persecution, and fought by every lawful means for the restoration of the Society during the years of suppression. His story reads like an heroic romance, and must have done much to encourage his brethren, recently exposed to a similar ruthless and groundless persecution in Spain.

A cheap reprint of one of the late Cardinal Gasquet's most characteristic historical sketches—**The Last Abbot of Glastonbury** (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), will bring before other generations the brutal deeds of brigandage and violence with which the revolt against Christ's Vicar began in this country, when the Absolute State was here set up for the first time by the blood-stained Henry, the most despicable monarch that ever disgraced the English throne. Notices of other martyred Abbots—those of Colchester and of Reading—are included in this admirable survey.

LITERARY.

It is certain that since the age of Tennyson and Browning and Ruskin and Newman, our English literature has wandered far afield, "like sheep without a shepherd." It may rejoice in its greater liberty; none the less does it tend to be lost, not knowing where it goes. Mr. T. S. Eliot, in **After Strange Gods** (Faber & Faber: 3s. 6d.), the Page-Barbour Lectures at the University of Virginia, 1933, discusses this manifest weakness, which boasts that it is strength, and discovers its cause in the surrender of religious control for which no substitute can be found. He examines and illustrates the effect of this in some notorious writers of our time, for whom, as writers, he has profound admiration: James Joyce, for instance, and Ezra Pound, and Yeats, and Lawrence, and Thomas Hardy. The release from tradition and orthodoxy has not set authors free; it has merely crippled them, and left them victims of their own vagaries; such, in effect, is the conclusion at which the author arrives.

POETRY.

For beauty of form and smoothness of rhythm it would be difficult to find a poet more perfect than Father James J. Daly, S.J. **In Boscobel and other Rimes** (Bruce: \$1.50), a volume of the "Science and Culture Series," we read or hear him at his mature best; we say "hear," for he is one of those poets who should be read aloud to be appreciated. His inspiration is American, not European; fresh, new, catching at ideas and reflexions of which a more conventional mind would not dream, blending the natural

with the supernatural like any child, delighting in song for its own sake, and making the listener rejoice in his music. He closes with, first, a series of sonnets, of which "Crashaw" and "The Daughter of Jairus" seem to be outstanding; then, with a long poem, "The Grand Review," which sounds like the march of a great army.

Of quite another school from that of Father Daly is **The Valley of the Bells and other Poems**, by Miss Irene Haugh (Blackwell: 2s. 6d.). From the subject that chiefly attracts her we would judge that Miss Haugh is mainly a musician; for most of her poems are suggested by the music of Ravel, Franck, Debussy, and others. When she is not listening to these, she is out to some nook in Ireland, or perhaps Lourdes, or beside the Blessed Sacrament. In such places she thinks on paper, letting her lines blow about almost like a banner; if a rhyme comes, well and good, but she is most intent to let her thoughts flicker in the breeze as they will.

Midway between the two we would place **The Priestess and other Poems**, by Stella Gibbons (Longmans: 2s. 6d.). Except at intervals, Miss Gibbons's muse is more enigmatical than either Father Daly or Miss Haugh; to understand her meaning, especially her abounding metaphor, one must pause and construe. She has a command of verse, but clearly she refuses to be tied either by conventional stanza or by strict rule of rhyme. We confess we like best the poems that seem most natural: "The Little Boys," for instance, or "The Lime Trees." Occasionally we find a lapse of grammar: for example, can one justify: "Between we two"? This occurs in a poem which, on other grounds, we regret to find in the collection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"We have a right," says Mr. Chesterton in "Heretics," speaking of religious indifferentism, "to distrust a man who is in a different kind of municipality: but we have no right to distrust a man who is in a different kind of cosmos." Thus our philosopher derides the modern habit of neglecting fundamentals, shown, e.g., by the universal omission from the details given in "Who's Who," of the most important item of all—the subject's religion. It is not, however, a Catholic habit, and the Catholic confronted by a series of essays entitled **If I were Dictator** (Methuen: 2s. 6d. each) tries immediately to estimate the religious standpoint of the essayists, for so he can best appreciate their competence and the worth of their suggestions. If their views of the cosmos are awry, their views of lesser matters cannot, except by accident, be correct. The series starts off with the suggestions of two peers, Lord Dunsany and Lord Raglan, for perfecting human government. Lord Dunsany happily treats the matter as a joke, and, assuming the office of "Grand Macaroni," proceeds to tell us how and why he would

suppress all his pet abominations, a most diverting list which embodies a shrewd criticism of modern ideals. No one need be offended by this essay, if it is read in the spirit in which it is written. Lord Raglan, on the other hand, is a solemn materialist, whose views on ethical questions seem to be drawn partly from Mr. Bertrand Russell and partly from Soviet Russia. Whatever helpful suggestions he makes for the reform of Government are wholly vitiated by his ignorance of the very meaning of human existence. His book may be read as an illustration of what an appalling thing the godless regimented State would be, but it would be simpler—and cheaper—to contemplate modern Russia.

The B.B.C. is already responsible for not a few books which we would be sorry to have lost. Among these is **The National Character**, by Arthur Bryant (Longmans: 5s.). The author writes with his hand on the pulse of the present, but with his eye on the past; while careful not to offend the modern reader, lest his heart beat too quickly, nevertheless, he takes most of his evidence from the things Englishmen have done, and written, and been, in other generations. Still, as he shows, there is much remaining that is good, in spite of modern revolutions; when occasion calls for them, an Englishman's best traits will reappear. Such, in a series of seven types, is the author's lesson; but we wonder, especially as we come to the end of the book, whether at times the wish is not father to the thought.

We hope that it was the success of his previous travel-book—*Dust of Years*—wherein Mr. Frederick Cowles introduced us to many half-forgotten English shrines and historic sites and buildings, that has prompted him to publish another similar volume of research—*Neath English Skies* (Sands: 6s. n.)—drawn from what seems to be an inexhaustible mine of memories. Mr. Cowles, whose rambles are again illustrated by charming line-drawings from the pen of Doris M. Cowles, is no dry-as-dust antiquarian, anxious to give chapter and verse, and to mark off fact from legend, nor does he follow any orderly itinerary, but goes whither bus or bicycle, train or motor-car, or his own two legs carry him, keeping, this time, mainly to the North of England. Anyhow, he makes the reader ready to follow him wherever he goes, so full of interest are his pages.

As a text, introductory to the study of Old Irish, *Aislinge Oenguso*, reconstructed from a sixteenth century MS. and edited by Francis Shaw, S.J., under the title of **The Dream of Oengus** (Browne & Nolan: 3s. 6d.), will be found most suitable, and will be welcomed by many preparing for higher Examinations in Irish, who have hitherto felt the dearth of such texts. The Introduction forms a highly interesting study of the origin, style and language of the Tale, and also of the method of reconstruction adopted by the editor. The text itself is an excellent specimen of the limpid,

pithy diction, distinctive of the early period; in fact, the editor attributes the original text to the eighth century. It is essentially a book for the beginner; copious notes and a most complete glossary reduce difficulties to the minimum.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The most interesting C.T.S. pamphlet in last month's batch is naturally that describing the history of the Society—*The First Fifty Years*—in view of its Golden Jubilee in November. That history falls naturally into two unequal parts, divided by the Great War, which have been dealt with by Mr. G. E. Anstruther, once Organizing Secretary, and the Right Rev. Mgr. P. E. Hallett, the present Vice-Chairman. Both have done their work well, considering the necessary limits of space. Due acknowledgement is given to the invaluable pioneer work of Mr. James Britten, who for so many years was practically identified with the Society. But the War came when his best work had been done, and all his devoted energy seemed unable to lift its membership from the meagre level of numbers, and comparatively scanty output at which it was then resting. Hence arose the need of changed methods and, owing mainly to the efforts of Mr. Reed-Lewis, the "Forward Movement," which has had such astounding success as to entitle for its starter the credit of being the Society's second founder, was started at the Liverpool Congress of 1920. Mgr. Hallett dates its formal inauguration some six months later. It was a happy idea to entitle the pamphlet the *First Fifty Years*, for it betokens the spirit of youthful vigour which still animates the C.T.S.

Other twopenny pamphlets are: the popular *St. Gabriel*, by Lady Herbert Lea, now in its twentieth thousand; *Our Lady of Walsingham*, by C. G. Mortimer, of very topical interest, as it gives the history of that ancient English shrine in an attractive way; *The English Cistercians and their Restoration, 1835—1935*, an inspiring record published in anticipation of the forthcoming celebration of the return of the sons of St. Bernard to English soil after their banishment by the great despoiler three centuries before. In the smaller format are three little devotional books: *How to Follow the Rosary and Benediction*, by F. E. Pritchard, *First Steps in the Love of God*, and *Progress in the Love of God*, containing some of the most inspired and beautiful passages from the writings of St. Francis de Sales. These two last cannot be too highly recommended to all who would advance swiftly and sweetly in the spiritual life.

Plays, poems, pictures and a large variety of games and jests form the contents of the very attractive *Almanach des Vacances pour les Jeunes (1934)* issued by La Bonne Presse at 1.25 fr.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ALEXANDER OUSELEY, London.

How to build a Church. By Benedict Williamson. Illustrated. Pp. 140. Price, 10s. 6d.

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

The Catholic Mind. No. 12. June 22nd. Price 5c.

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

L'Almanach des Vacances de 1934. Illustrated. Pp. 128. Price, 1.25 fr.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee.

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